

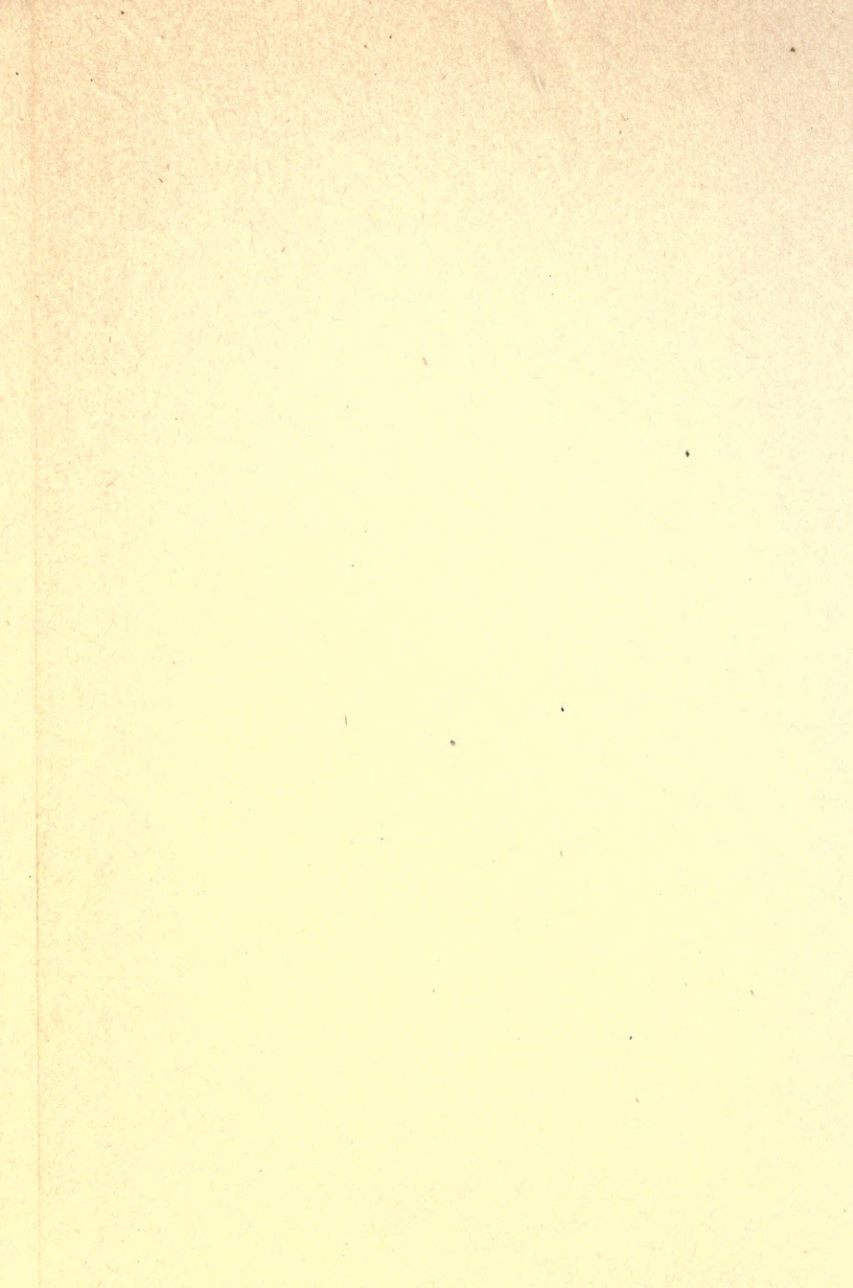
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"The Peaceful Southern Scene"

HEREFORD

A STORY BY

M. DUNTON SPARROW

Author of "Eugene," and the songs "By Quiet Waters," "On Wings of Faith," "Where Blooms the Jasmine Flower," etc.



BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
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1910

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THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A

*Lovingly dedicated to
The Dear Ones
who journeyed with me
to the Southern Mountains*

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INTRODUCTION

COME ye, who love the murmuring forests, to the land of the Galax! To the land of whispering pines and of mountain streams whose sources are among the innumerable majestic peaks which seem to vie with one another in glory, and in grandeur. To the land where the soft winds blow and the sunbeams dance in glee.

Then listen, while I tell you: not of the Red man, nor the Black, but of men of our own blood, the Anglo-Saxon race, who dwell in an undeveloped and untutored state amidst nature's primeval beauties.

When you have heard my story, perchance you may wish for these neglected ones, the dawn of a brighter morrow.

THE AUTHOR

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I

Boyhood Days

IT was April, and brightly fell the sunshine over the little village of Sunledge, a small town not many miles from the busy city of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

The hush of the Sabbath morning was broken only by the sound of the church bells, which floated in mellow sweetness on the balmy air.

The farmer folk were already driving in from their quiet country homes. They were early, as people generally are who have the longest distance to go, but the fact that they were early gave them a little more time for gossip, and news was an important part of the day's enjoyment. I say this not in a spirit of sarcasm, for who with meagre means of procuring entertainment, would not do the same?

The congregation which gathered at the little Presbyterian church on that particular day was larger than usual, for there was to be a christening.

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Among numerous other infants to be christened was the son of Peter Houtman, the village grocer. He had settled upon Hereford for his child's name, so the name of Hereford Houtman was duly enrolled among the rest, who helped on that day to swell the numbers of that little church. He was a lusty infant and as years went by he developed into a rugged boy in spite of measles, mumps, and all the many ills to which little folks are heirs.

Peter Houtman's home was an unpretentious story-and-a-half dwelling, with plenty of garden land at the rear. He owned besides a thrifty flock of hens, a cow, and a horse.

At an early age Hereford, who gradually took upon himself various boyish tasks, might often have been seen riding the horse to brook, not gaily caparisoned, but without saddle, and often without shoes.

This brook or clear spring of water was a half-mile distant, and as the horse was very fond of that water, and Hereford was very fond of the ride, it came to pass that the trips were frequent.

When he was sixteen years of age Hereford had the misfortune to be separated from his particular boyhood friend and chum, James

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Gray, the son of the village physician. These boys had been in the same class at school and had played together whenever they could find time. Later, however, the doctor had a better field for practice offered him in New York and so changed his place of residence. Hereford sadly missed his former companion. He did not associate very much with the other boys. They all seemed to be either too young, or too old, so he found himself depending more and more upon the society of his sister, who was nine years older than himself, but always most thoroughly companionable. She was fond of music and owned an organ, on which she had taken lessons and had become quite proficient as a performer. She also gave her brother some musical instruction, which helped to fill his spare time, although he showed no special talent in that direction.

Peter Houtman kept a country store, in which could be found groceries and a large variety of useful articles. No order-wagon was maintained, for Sunledge was a small place and most of the people preferred to inspect their purchases at the store and carry them home with them. Goods were delivered, however, upon request. Farmers drove in

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from outlying districts, and other customers came from the mining-camps; these also took home their purchases. On account of this, Peter was able to conduct his store with the help of one man and such assistance as his son could give. So the youthful Hereford was kept busy, for in addition to the store tasks there was work about the place, for the garden, his "little Dutch garden," forever needed attention, as the weeds were incessantly growing.

Thus the days and months passed and their simple round of life was filled with daily duties. So it might have continued in unbroken monotony had it not been for a singular coincidence. A missionary traveling on horseback through Sunledge was overtaken by a severe storm and he asked for shelter at the home of Peter Houtman.

He introduced himself as the Rev. Mr. Griswold. He was invited in, and after the head of the household had counselled with his wife and daughter Agnes, the stranger's sleeping-room was made ready by them. The unannounced guest arrived as the family was about to sit down to tea, so he was invited to join them at the table. Mr. Griswold was

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tall and spare. He stood erect, with his head slightly thrown back, which gave him somewhat of a haughty air, but his genial tones were reassuring and made them feel quite at their ease. He had a fair complexion and large blue eyes, which could express either mirth or pathos. He possessed a fund of amusing stories, which kept them well entertained. After tea was over the men folks drew around the open grate, which was all aglow with a blazing fire of large coals. Mr. Houtman and his guest prepared for a quiet smoke. Meanwhile the mother and Agnes cleared away the supper dishes. After the work was all finished they, too, joined the circle by the fireside. Mrs. Houtman was slight in build, but she possessed great powers of endurance, being a type that is generally called wiry. Her bright and amusing manner made her a general favorite among her friends and neighbors. She was somewhat awed, however, by the presence of this stranger and had thus far left his entertainment chiefly to her husband. After a little commonplace conversation the minister drifted into reminiscences of his own life.

“I was born and reared,” he said, “in a

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small town in Leslie County, Kentucky, in the southeastern part of the state, near the Cumberland mountains, which separate Kentucky from Virginia."

"I've heard that's a great mountain region," said Mr. Houtman, absently.

"Yes," continued the other, "this section covers about one-tenth part of the state; stretching westward, however, the country is rolling and the soil fertile. On reaching central Kentucky we find a broad plateau covered with grass; blue grass, it is called."

"Oh, I've read about that," interrupted Hereford. "What is it really like?"

"Well, it is not blue, as the name suggests," replied the narrator. "But there is an underlying strata of blue limestone in the soil which gives it its luxuriant growth. This section is one of the finest agricultural regions in America. Herds of fine cattle feed upon this grass and herds of swine roam through the woodlands."

"I've heard of Kentucky butter," chimed in Mrs. Houtman, who had been trying to think of some remark to offer, and at this point she doubtless thought that that was her chance, and she'd let this man know that she

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had a few ideas at least.

"Yes," said Agnes, supplementing her mother's remark, "I've been told that hotels and boarding-houses in the South depend largely upon Kentucky dairies for their supply."

"That's right," responded the minister, as he proceeded with his narrative. "The people of this section, before the Civil War, approached the ideal life more fully, perhaps, than did those in almost any other part of our country. Being blessed with a most favorable climate and a rich and productive soil, peace and plenty reigned. The spirit of contentment was in the air, as the people dwelt with nature throughout the balmy days, whose eventides were made merry by the Negroes as they gathered to sing and dance to the rhythmical clapping of their hands, or the spirited music of the banjo. Thus passed those sweet anti-bellum days so dear to the hearts of old Kentuckians."

"I have read of Daniel Boone and his escape from the Indians," said Hereford.

"Ah, yes!" observed Mr. Griswold, "he went to Kentucky, I think, in 1769, when the country was inhabited by tribes of warlike In-

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dians and very little indeed was known about it until that time. My grandfather emigrated from Virginia and many were the blood-curdling tales he related of his first years on the frontier. I was born a year after the close of the Civil War. My earliest recollections are full of memories of the political contentions which divided into bitter factions so many of the people of Kentucky and which hung like a pall upon all social life. Friends and relatives became estranged from one another and met without speaking; one having fought, perhaps, for the Union, and the other for the Confederate side. The Church, too, suffered from the general condition of society."

"We never knew," said Mrs. Houtman, "that you had such a time among yourselves as that. I guess we ain't always been as charitable as we ought to have been, law sakes!"

"That is because you did not hear both sides of the story," rejoined the minister, smiling, "for I am sure it was not from any lack of kindness of heart. Well," he continued, "my father was a clergyman. He has told us that he often expostulated with his people, and tried to bring them together in concord.

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But his attempts were fruitless, for they would not be reconciled. Many were the bereaved ones who sat alone in their sorrow. Many were the ones once rich, who were made poor and desolate by the war. Many cabins stood in loneliness, for the negroes had fled to the towns, hardly knowing which way to turn. Confusion was everywhere, and no tongue can tell of the suffering that ensued; yet the majority of the people in Kentucky wished to remain neutral, and finally did maintain loyalty to the Union, although many fought on the Confederate side."

"It was a sorry day for us, also," added Mr. Houtman, reflectively, as he laid his pipe aside and vigorously poked the fire.

"True," rejoined the minister, "your sorrow occasioned by the loss of kindred equalled ours, but, in addition to this grief, we lost our property by the emancipation of the slaves, which you must remember was the bulk of the Southerner's fortune."

"It was hard, indeed," answered Mr. Houtman, "but the awakened public had come to feel that slavery must go by one way or another."

"Yes," said the other, "a climax would

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have been reached sooner or later, for the very reason that this is a world of progress. When I grew older," continued Mr. Griswold, "I became interested in the mountaineers. These men had been non-slaveholders, so they had no vital interest in the Southern cause, consequently the subject was not uppermost in their minds, as it was in the minds of society in general. After being so long amidst great dissension it rested me to look upon their peaceful faces as they came into town in their mountain wagons or on horse or mule back with their saddle bags laden with produce, which they had brought to barter. I often found myself watching for these men with their yellow leggins the color of the mud which had bespattered them during their long ride. At the time when I decided to follow my father's calling, I also decided to work for these neglected people, at least for awhile. This I did for about three years. Then I came North as far as Pennsylvania. At the present time I have charge of a Presbyterian mission about thirty miles from here."

Every interval of silence which occurred during the conversation was punctuated with the "tick-tock" of the old clock which stood

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in the corner of the room and ticked away the fleeting hours. The rain beat upon the windows, while the wind whistled a mournful monotone, which proved soothing in its effect upon Mr. Houtman's nerves, for he began to doze. The minister observing this, soon pleaded fatigue and was shown to his room.

The storm lasted three days, developing into one of those cold, raw, drizzling rains, which we sometimes experience in November.

The Houtmans did their best to entertain their guest, and insisted that he should remain with them until the weather cleared. He seemed very willing to accept their hospitality and they found him very congenial.

Peter Houtman felt that he was entertaining a distinguished visitor. This was made obvious by the air of importance which he at times assumed. He thought, too, that it would be something new to talk over at the store, and it would make him quite a lion among his townsmen.

Perhaps this was a touch of vanity in Peter, but in spite of such a conclusion he was in fact a man of strong character. It manifested itself in his firm and energetic step; it could also be traced in his face. In short, Peter was a

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solid man, standing for all that was good, and he was much respected by the people.

Mr. Griswold also deeply interested Hereford. His magnetism seemed to attract him. His great soulful eyes reached his spirit and inspired new thoughts, and life appeared all at once to broaden to his view. He questioned Hereford later with regard to his plans in life; was he settled in mind and contented with his work?

To which the other replied:

"I have had dreams of a life in a larger place, where I could advance. I am not quite satisfied with what I am doing here, but there seems to be no way for me to make a change."

Mr. Griswold was very much pleased with his new friend's personality, and felt that it was a pity that he could not have a chance to try the world for which he longed. After due consideration the minister tried to persuade Hereford's parents to arrange to send their son away to a boys' school, where he could improve his education.

The father at first demurred, but the mother and sister seemed inclined to favor the plan. Finally it was settled that he should go to ——— school in Scranton.

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In less than two weeks Hereford was ready. He was twenty years old at this time, tall and strongly built. His dark eyes and brown hair blended well with his clear olive complexion, which was heightened by a deep, rich color. He resembled, perhaps, some old Dutch ancestor on his father's side more than his own parents. He had never been away from home, and scarcely realized what the great world was beyond his horizon line.

As before stated, he had often felt restless, and, as he grew older, became even dissatisfied with his work. He loved his home, still he longed for change.

Much of the world's sorrow comes from the spirit of discontent. For instance, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, was happily situated while in France, being beloved and caressed by the people, but she needs must go to Scotland, and, in consequence, she forfeited her life. Many a man has become discontented with his humble home and built him a mansion at an outlay beyond what his income would allow. Then after a few reverses in business, came ruin, and the regret of a lifetime.

Then again, there is much to be said on the

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other side. Disaster does not always follow change. Sometimes it is well to migrate; health may demand it, often business, social and educational advantages require it. So Hereford's motive was perfectly justifiable, as he dreamed of preparing for work more congenial to his taste. He had read good, strong books with Agnes, and she had always encouraged high aspirations. Not only was the change enjoyable, but also the new thoughts which attended it by his coming in contact with greater minds than his.

Later it was also through the influence of Mr. Griswold that Hereford had the advantage of a two years course at a university in the same city.

During the minister's visit at the Houtman's he had told them so much about the mountaineers and his mission work, that Hereford became deeply interested in the subject and resolved to begin his career by opening a school in their isolated section of the country, when he had finished his studies.

After a year of close application at the preparatory school he entered the university on special lines. When he had at last completed the course he returned to Sunledge and re-

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sumed for a while his former work.

The memory of that hour when he reached home will ever remain with him like a sweet dream. He accomplished the work which he had undertaken and now felt that he was entitled to a long home vacation.

It was a beautiful June day when he arrived and about six o'clock in the afternoon. The sun struck aslant across the hills, the air was filled with the fragrance of the fields. The canary was singing in the porch, the hens must have been disturbed by something, for they were cackling, while from the flaming rose bushes two kittens emerged in play.

It was home, and it seemed the dearest spot on earth to Hereford as he was greeted by his father, mother and sister Agnes.

This sister's face resembled his somewhat in general contour, but her hair was black and her eyes deep blue. Proudly she stood there, strong, healthy and happy. Hereford was always proud of Agnes, but more so now than ever before did she appear to him a type of true and beautiful womanhood, and she gave him fresh inspiration to find his life's work.

II

In the Heart of the Blue Ridge

IN October, eighteen hundred and ninety-one, Hereford prepared to make a journey to the Blue Ridge. He had interested a few wealthy and benevolent persons in his plans, and in due time a sum of four hundred dollars was pledged by them for his support for a year.

These men wished him to live among the mountain people, learn their real needs, and endeavor to gain their coöperation in establishing a little school in their midst.

The plan was wholly independent of church work, so he was not bound to any line of thought or action. Good judgment alone should be his guide.

He took the afternoon train for Spartanburg, S. C., a point where a change of cars was to be made for the mountain region. On arriving the following morning he found that he would be obliged to wait for train connections, so he decided to purchase his horse, saddle and saddle bags at that place, all of which

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he very soon obtained. He procured fodder for the horse, and some lunch for himself, and packed it with his luggage in the saddle bags; then started on his way, striking out in a northwesterly direction. The air was cool and invigorating, but the day grew warm as the sun mounted higher. It was one of those delightful October days when nature is so alluring.

He was soon out upon the lonely highway, passing only an occasional cabin, where on the stoop played little woolly-headed colored children. Near by "Mammy" was washing in the open air. Her kettles were suspended over a smoky wood fire. Some of the clothes were already spread over the bushes to dry. At noon he fed his horse; then making himself comfortable he lunched from his little store of food. He was not quite alone, for now and then a squirrel darted from behind a tree and seemed to cast reproachful glances at him for his intrusion upon his domains. The birds, too, sang cheery songs, while the scream of the jay could be heard in the distance.

The traveler felt much refreshed after his lunch, and threw himself upon the ground under a great pine tree. He slept a little, but



Nearby Mammy was Washing

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was aroused by the scream of the jays as they approached nearer and seemed to be at war with some other bird. He arose at once and consulting his watch he found that it was time to resume his journey.

The old horse stood half dozing in the shade and seemed to show no signs of anxiety as to the welfare of either for the night. Once under way again he soon bore his rider into a region of delightful interest.

The air was fragrant with the breath of the pines and hemlocks. The rhododendrons reared their proud heads; mountain laurel and azaleas abounded, although not in blossom. Ferns fringed the banks of streams and the galax, with its shining leaves, covered the earth on every side. Waterfalls and cascades often greeted the eye. The view grew wilder and more rugged as he climbed, and there appeared a landscape of valleys and hills of varying heights. In some of the open spaces range after range of far distant mountains could be seen, which resembled the waves of the sea as they rolled against the amber sky.

He had now passed Vineland, a pretty little hamlet snugly nestled in the Blue Ridge. He

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had traveled over twenty-five miles, and was going on to the next settlement, where he learned that he could find less expensive accommodations for the night than at Vineland. After traveling some distance and seeing no signs of a village, he feared that he had misunderstood his directions and taken the wrong road. He was evidently on the way to the mountains, for the grade was rising and the road grew rough. It was getting late in the afternoon and would soon be twilight.

His horse showed signs of great fatigue, so he could not retrace his steps. He knew, however, that he was in the mountaineer's region and he would doubtless soon find a cabin; then he would ask for lodgings. Presently he saw one a little distance from the road and turned at this point. On reaching the house he dismounted and rapped on the door. It was only partly opened by its occupant. Hereford made known his wishes, but he was at once repulsed and told to move on. It occurred to him that this man was probably a "moonshiner," and having heard so much about the desperate nature of some of them, he did not press his request, but quietly withdrew and continued his journey.

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He soon overtook a boy and inquired how far it was to the next house. The boy replied, "It's about a mile beyond the bend that's jes ahead o' yo'; it sets back from the road, but yo' can't miss it. It's my home and I reckon I'll get there 'bout as soon as yo' by the looks of yo' horse!"

"My horse is very tired and so am I, and hungry, too," replied the traveler. "Do you think I can get food and shelter at your house?"

"I don't know. Pa won't put up some folks, but he may yo'. Where yo' from?"

"I've ridden from Spartanburg to-day, but am from the North."

"Well, yo' can ask 'Dad,' " said the boy. Hereford thanked him and pursued his way. "A mile farther," he soliloquized, "to travel alone in this unknown land. But I'm glad I met the boy; he may help me."

Finally he saw a flickering light. As he drew near he beheld a neat little house and there stopped and asked for a night's lodging. He was answered by a few questions from the man who opened the door. "Yo' are a stranger 'round these parts, I reckon. What's yo' business here; huntin' for anyone in per-

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ticuler?"

"No," answered Hereford. "I'm from Pennsylvania and know no one here, but have come to find a place to open a school." Then he was asked to walk in and was kindly greeted by the inmates of the cabin. In reply to his request for lodgings his host said: "I reckon we-uns can sleep yer by changin' about some and eat yer, too. Supper's all ready now."

The last part of this sentence might have disconcerted the traveler, but for the unmistakable appearance of hospitality which beamed upon all the faces which now appeared. The eldest son was sent out to take care of the horse; then they all took chairs at the table, which was already set for six persons. Another plate was brought and Hereford was told to help himself.

His appetite had been sharpened by his long ride, and he enjoyed a hearty meal, which consisted of bacon, stewed beans, corn pones and cheese.

The cabin was one story, containing three rooms and shed. There was no plaster nor paper on the walls. The floors were bare, with the exception of a few mats. There was



"He had now passed Vinland"

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a good cooking-stove in the kitchen where the table was set and an air of neatness prevailed.

Upon inquiry as to location Hereford was informed that he was on the outskirts of Glenburg, five miles from the village. They retired early and the tired traveler's rest was sweet.

He was awakened early in the morning by the call of the cardinal bird nearby. He dozed again, but a little later arose and dressed, then went forth to enjoy the dawning of the beautiful day.

There was a chill in the wooded hollows suggestive of our northern clime, but as the sun rose higher its genial warmth was felt in the open places.

People living in cities know very little about the coming of morning, when the sky is ablaze with golden tints, and when every sight is a scene of beauty, and every sound is like sweetest music.

After breakfast he strolled about the place with Mr. Hathorn, his host, and told him of his project; how he was sent to open a little school among them, but he hardly knew how to begin, unless he could obtain the use of a vacant cabin.

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Mr. Hathorn listened attentively, then invited his guest to stay with him a few days and he would see what could be done. "We-uns do need a school sho' 'nough," he said.

Hereford was very glad to remain where he was so comfortable in order that he might have time to think out future plans as he became better acquainted with the people and their needs.

Mr. Hathorn's family consisted of his wife, his eldest son Luther, Max and Belle (two younger children), and a daughter named Ruth, about eighteen years old. She was very shy and spoke only when addressed. She was of medium height, with the glow of health upon her full cheeks. Her fair complexion and large blue eyes were in perfect harmony with her yellow hair, which was knotted high on her head. Her lips were full, giving warmth to the lines of her mouth. She wore a simple calico dress and shoes which were heavy, worn and soiled with red clay mud, which was everywhere and adhered to everything with which it chanced to come in contact.

When evening came again Max and Belle played by themselves in a corner of the room,

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having for a companion a brown and white hound. He was a good-natured dog and appeared to watch with affectionate glances their every movement. Their talk was *sotto voce*, but occasionally a dispute arose upon some matter, and their voices would rise to higher tones, when they were at once silenced by a word from their father. Children, however, cannot keep quiet very long, and soon they were disputing again, until finally, they were sent to bed.

When they were left to themselves Hereford enjoyed further conversation with Mr. Hathorn. He found him intelligent and interesting as he related his tales of adventure, and of the early settlement of his ancestors amid the wilds.

They retired early and sleep soon overcame Hereford and bore him off to dreamland.

The morning was clear and cool, the fresh bracing air was a stimulant which made Hereford feel equal to almost any undertaking. His thoughts were busy as his plans one after another began to take shape.

Possessing an investigating turn of mind Hereford was interested in learning all he could concerning the origin and history of the

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peculiar people among whom he had cast his lot. Before leaving Sunledge he had learned by consulting books that the genealogy of some of the Huguenot settlers of the mountain section of the South led back to proud and distinguished families of France.

The court of Louis XIV, King of France, was the most elegant the world has ever seen. Courtiers arrayed themselves in princely splendor, and beautiful women whose brightness outshone the flowers of eastern climes lent their charm.

Among the most brilliant was Madame de Maintenon. She was left a widow at twenty-eight years of age, and being poor she came to the royal court as governess, and soon gained the favor of the King, who gave her the title of "Marchioness" and made her lady-in-waiting to the dauphin's wife.

Louis XIV possessed a selfish, grasping, sensual nature, but he was a great King. When not engaged in war this monarch built palaces and surrounded them with beautiful gardens. His political life was despotic, and he considered himself the master of the lives and properties of his subjects.

Although his sway was absolute, French

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literature and art flourished. This age produced celebrated poets and divines, and all kinds of public works were improved. The people, however, feared their King, as did all Europe. At length there came a day when he made a false move. It was when in the palace of Fontainebleau Louis revoked the Edict of Nantes. He was influenced and encouraged in this act by that unprincipled woman, Madame de Maintenon.

The ravens must have flown around the palace walls. The wind must have moaned through the branches of the trees in the Fontainebleau forest, for a fateful deed was to be performed within the palace. Death and destruction were near at hand. The protestant churches lost all protection through the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The people at first were dazed and then broke forth with all the fury of a mob, and the Huguenots (for such were the reformers or new church people called) suffered great persecution. Some were exiled, some escaped to England, Switzerland, Holland and America.

Among the refugees who found their way to the new world was an Englishman, Samuel Hathorn, and his wife, the latter a Huguenot.

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They were living in France at the time of the outbreak and in company with other refugees and emigrants from England, Ireland and Scotland, they sailed for America. They landed in Norfolk, Virginia, but afterward moved to Richmond, where they and their descendants lived until 1793. At this time the cotton-gin was invented and non-slaveholders who were dependent upon wages could not readily as formerly find employment.

In consequence, many were driven back to the mountains. Among the number were Nathan Hathorn (a grandson of Samuel) and his family. Nathan and his friends formed a little company and procured mountain wagons and started for the wilds of Western North Carolina.

Mr. Hathorn had inherited a love for the mountains from his ancestors, whose English home was among the hills of Derbyshire, which lies between Yorkshire and Leicestershire, and is famous for its beautiful scenery.

Mrs. Hathorn, too, loved the hills, for she was of Scotch-Irish descent, and her ancestors, like the Hathorns, had dwelt amid rugged scenes.

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William Hathorn, in whose home Hereford was a guest, was a grandson of this old pioneer, and lived, as did his grandfather, by hunting and farming. The soil being poor, the farms were not thrifty looking, although this one was far superior to many of the others. This family and the majority of the mountain people were of good Anglo-Saxon blood, honest, loyal, and law-abiding; a class entirely distinct from the poor whites of the lowlands.

The absence of schools and churches accounted for the ignorance which prevailed in this section.

The Blue Ridge, which is the most easterly range of the Alleghanies, has been a barrier which has cut off communication with the outside world until recent years. There are over two million people now living in these southern mountains.

It may be asked, are these people law-abiding when they break the law by making and selling whiskey without paying a tax to the government? 'Let us look at both sides of the matter. Then, perhaps, we shall not be so ready to condemn, but feel more inclined to throw over them the mantle of charity.

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"In the more remote fastnesses of the Alleghanies the 'secret still' is a recognized institution. These mountaineers think that so long as they do not interfere with other people, they have a right to pursue peaceably the business of distilling whiskey.

When the revenue agents come to arrest them, to confiscate their small property and to shoot them down if necessary, they feel that they have the right to resist."

If they find out that a neighbor has given information against them, they do not hesitate to kill him, burn his house and sometimes whip his family.

These people have been so hunted that they are suspicious of strangers, but when they find that one has no intention of molesting them they are very friendly.

Hereford had passed a week in this mountain home; a very pleasant week, too, for a young adventurer. He realized, however, that he had been sent there for something besides mere pleasure, and he felt that he must not prolong his visit unless some arrangement could immediately be made for opening a school. He expressed these thoughts to his host at the close of the week. It was then

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Mr. Hathorn offered him the use of the old log cabin, which had once been his grandfather's home and was at that time being used for storage. Hereford was told that he could continue to abide with the Hathorn family, that his board would cost him nothing, and the children of the household would make the beginning of his school possible. He gladly agreed to this, with the understanding that he would be allowed to assist about the place out of school hours. So it was settled that he should remain at Glenburg.

Work commenced at once upon the cabin, and Luther lent a helping hand. They soon had put in glass windows to let in the sunlight, laid a new rough floor and fashioned a number of board seats. Hereford purchased a few chairs and a table, which served for a desk. He also constructed a blackboard and was finally ready to receive his books and other necessary things which he had ordered to be sent on to him.

The school began with only the members of the Hathorn family, but soon ten more children were added, some of whom lived at a distance of four miles away.

Max and Belle Hathorn soon learned to

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read. Luther struggled hard, but at first made little progress.

Mr. Hathorn and his wife came in occasionally to listen. The former said he guessed he was too old to learn and he would not apply himself, but Mrs. Hathorn took more pains and finally did learn to read and write. Both of the parents, however, were equally interested in the success of the school. Ruth progressed rapidly and some of the others who had inherited intelligence with the old Huguenot blood led the classes.

As Ruth gained in knowledge she grew ambitious in other ways, and became more and more refined in manner.

Oh! the delight that came into the heart of that young teacher during the first weeks of his new career! Sixteen eager faces looking into his each day for light. What a privilege was his to point them the way! True, he often became weary in teaching the rudiments, but the aptitude of the leaders gave him courage and he often called upon them to assist him with the younger ones.

The minds of the majority of these children were fresh and eager to respond to every effort, and even those who were dull, were en-

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thusiastic and persevering.

One evening as the members of the household were seated around the table looking over some pictures which Hereford had just taken from his trunk, he chanced to ask questions about the man to whom he had applied for lodgings on the night of his arrival at Glenburg. He learned that his name was Ike Hardwick, that he had a wife and three children, the eldest of whom was Sam, who was about twenty-one years old. The other two were much younger. Hereford asked them if they thought it probable that the children would come to his school if they were invited. He was answered quite sharply by Mr. Hathorn and told that he had better keep away from them, and so the subject dropped.

True, Hereford had not liked the appearance of the man as he saw him in the twilight, but if he could be made to understand that one only meant to help him, might he not be reasonable? With these thoughts in mind Hereford strolled down over the hill the following morning and soon came to the cabin, which, as has already been stated, was set back from the road and partly concealed by a thicket. As he approached a man emerged

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from the cabin; he was not very tall, but appeared to be exceedingly powerful. He possessed a strong face. His brown hair was profuse, straight and coarse, and the unkempt locks partly covered his low broad forehead. His eyes were gray and penetrating; his beard was short and rounded and the upper lip was shaven. He wore a blue flannel shirt, which was turned away at the throat, exposing a full brown chest. His coat and trousers were coarse and much worn. He spoke in a gruff voice, which Hereford had heard before, on the day of his arrival among the mountaineers.

"We-uns don' want yo' about here," he said. "Get away or yo'll be sorry. We-uns are plum' sot agin meddling folks an' when sech as yo' bother us we get shet of 'em fo' sho, do yo' hear?" As he spoke he drew a revolver from under his coat and said to his intruder, "I give yo' warning." At this reception Hereford's blood ran cold, but he summoned self-control and said:

"I have not come to meddle; you are hasty; won't you listen a moment to what I want to say?" But the other made no further talk, and turned away, when Hereford also turned

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and wandered back by the main road.

He was sure now that this man was a moonshiner and probably thought that his "secret still" was being traced. "This accounts," he thought, "for the Hathorns' silence respecting that family."

Hereford decided to keep this little affair to himself; later, perhaps, some occasion would arise which would enable him to prove to Mr. Hardwick that he was not his enemy. Perhaps he could yet reach his son Sam in spite of that young man's sullen and unapproachable mood which he had thus far shown when he had met him. It was quite evident that the school did not meet with the approval of this family, and certain it was, too, that they felt very unfriendly toward the teacher personally. He had, however, been told to expect opposition and persecution and that he might not be able to escape even personal violence.

A few mornings after his call on Mr. Hardwick he went as usual to the school house a little before the opening hour, when, to his dismay, he discovered that the glass had been broken in the windows, the legs of his chair sawed off, and the books thrown about in

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every direction. He then went to the barn to see if his horse had shared in the persecution, and there poor "Jerry" stood with his mane cropped short and his tail sheared, which gave him something of the appearance of a mule. The poor beast looked forlorn enough and appeared conscious of his disgrace. Instinctively Hereford threw his arms around his horse's neck and felt for the first time a feeling of homesickness. But there was not then time for repining, so he immediately returned to the schoolroom where the children were already arriving. He picked up the books and brushed up the broken pieces of glass as quickly as possible and hid away the disabled chair. The broken windows were quickly discovered, however, by the children, and they all felt indignant toward the trespasser.

The Hathorns suspected who the guilty ones were, but no names were mentioned. The next day Luther assisted in setting the glass, but he could not change poor Jerry's looks.

That evening they devised plans by which the income of the farm might be increased. Money was greatly needed, so Hereford decided to make application to his little syndi-

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cate for money to be advanced for the purchase of more stock for the farm. The money would be taken as a loan and repaid in small sums as the future income of the farm made it possible.

After the school hours were over for the day Hereford generally assisted in the farm work. The climate was unsurpassed and he enjoyed the relaxation and exercise in the open air. At the close of one of these beautiful days Hereford strayed away to the hill-top. The galax leaves which covered the ground and boulders by the way, were turning to a beautiful bronze color. Far above swayed the branches of the oaks whose dying leaves fluttered in the breeze. Great masses of fleecy clouds sailed across the deep blue sky, urged forward by the energy of the northwest wind.

The song birds had gone, but occasionally a rabbit or a squirrel made his appearance, and once a stray pig was seen making a hasty escape from the bushes.

As Hereford strolled on he was thinking about what he ought to do for these people on Sundays. They already observed the day, for they were of the Presbyterian faith, or

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represented the other evangelical denominations. They all stood for something definite in religion and held protracted meetings whenever a preacher came around, which was perhaps once a year. So they were naturally religious, having inherited this from their ancestors. These people really needed educational more than religious teaching. Music, however, was needed and an organized meeting for the people.

Hereford could sing and play simple music and he thought if he only had a little organ he could organize such a meeting and hold it in the school room Sunday afternoon, calling it The Mission.

Christmas was near at hand, only six days more! In his letters home he wrote of his work and of his needs. So it was arranged by the loved ones he had left behind that he should have the little organ belonging to his sister Agnes, and she should have a larger one for her own use. Already the instrument was on the way, and another box containing clothing which Agnes had solicited from several sources.

In due time the boxes arrived and were opened on Christmas Eve. The organ was

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placed in the school room, and the neighbors, far and near, came to see it, as one after another learned of its arrival. The other box which contained clothing, reading matter and gifts for the pupils, was duly appreciated.

Christmas morning was clear and cold, snow fell during the night, but it soon disappeared under the warm rays of the noonday sun.

When they resumed school work they now had music, in addition to their studies. They sang every day. Some of the voices were good and they learned to keep very good time. At length the schoolmaster noticed that Ruth possessed a voice which seemed quite promising. He gave her singing extra attention out of school hours and he soon noticed improvement. He recognized a fine quality, which, if cultivated, would doubtless develop her voice into that of a high soprano. He procured some vocal exercises for her to practise and later he sent for some simple solos, which she learned to render in a very pleasing manner. They arranged to have a praise service on Sunday evenings, after which Hereford read to them and sometimes gave little talks. Thus he passed his Sunday evenings with the simple mountaineers.

III

Sally Burns

ONE of their frequent visitors was Sally Burns, a neighbor whose house was a mile from the Hathorns. She lived with her parents, who had nine children, but only one besides Sally was living at home; this one was a younger brother.

Sally possessed a bright, cheerful disposition, and was the light of her father's household, while her strength was the strong arm of the family. She had the habit of running in at the Hathorns for a chat, and often, too, at meal times. She never would join them at the table, no matter how much she was urged, for reasons known only to herself. Some said that she formed the habit of eating alone when her eldest brother was at home, for they were always at variance, and at last she refused to sit at the same table. So after he went away she still continued to eat alone. She always answered, when invited to the table at the Hathorns, "I'll jess sit an' see yo'

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eat." So she sat, and rocked, and watched all with evident pleasure.

They well knew that she was rather communicative, and this made them sometimes feel uncomfortable lest they should say something which she might repeat and others misconstrue.

Mrs. Hathorn told Hereford that Sally had always come in whenever she pleased, but that she seemed to come more at meal times since he had arrived. Sally came, however, simply out of pure curiosity. She thought she could hear the news, and the school, too, was no doubt a great source of wonderment to her. Mrs. Hathorn often asked her to join the classes, but the others kept quite silent at such times.

Sally had no ambition to learn, or, at least, she was not willing to take the pains it required. She enjoyed her life in her own way, and she felt quite satisfied with her lot in life. She depended upon the local news for her entertainment, and she was indeed well informed as to the affairs of the community for miles around.

She seemed to be the first one to hear of a birth, accident or death. She knew how

SALLY BURNS

many pounds of butter such a one had made during the year, and how many eggs another had sold, or how many apples still another had gathered for market.

Still Sally possessed splendid qualities, which were occasionally brought to the surface, and it was generally conceded that in spite of her gossiping tendencies she was "mighty" good in many ways, especially in time of trouble.

Sally had had offers of marriage, but each was repulsed. She seemed to have no inclination toward matrimony. Her parents had worked very hard to bring up their large family and now in their declining years she felt that she must not leave them. They needed her strength, and good cheer. Her own interests she thought could not for a moment be considered distinct from theirs. So it was that she often went into the fields and did a man's work. Or rising with the lark she bounded over hill and dale to the streams for fish. Seldom, too, did she angle in vain.

She loved her work, her freedom, and independence. When bantered upon the subject of marriage she laughed good naturedly and said:

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"Pears like I ain't seen the right one, fo' sholy I don' want any I've seen so far."

Perhaps she demanded too much in a man. Her ideal may have been too high above any she would be likely to find in her limited circle. Or she may have been one of God's chosen ones to accomplish some of His special work in the world. Such persons would miss their mission by marriage.

The world could not have spared Florence Nightingale, famed as she is for her work in reforming the sanitary condition of the British army. The world could not have spared the band of sisters in Paris, who first taught her the system of nursing. Nor thousands of noble souls who have always been engaged in the great works of the world.

So it was, perhaps, with Sally. She was needed to go on errands of mercy, yea! often had she responded to the "cry of the human;" often had her strong arms lightened the burden of some weary mother in the sick room, and her strong presence had brightened even the chamber of death.

Ah! the world needs such stout hearts as was hers. It needs those who can stand by in the hour of peril. Blessed, indeed, is their

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mission, and surely they shall not miss their reward.

IV

Meeting of Hereford and Sam

THE following weeks were about the same in routine. Washington's birthday anniversary was near at hand. They were to have a little entertainment on that night. On the afternoon preceding the holiday Hereford mounted Jerry and went to the village to procure a few things to be used in celebrating the occasion.

The winter was over, the sun was warm and the air balmy. Men were ploughing and spring work generally was progressing. As the school master was returning amid the glow of the golden sunset, for the sun had just sunk behind the trees which partly hid the sky, he stopped his horse just before he reached the bend, and drew the rein, turning the animal around in order to better view the peaceful southern scene.

Spring with all its delights had come, and with it the spirit of content and happiness, which seemed to take full possession of his

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soul, as he felt the joy which was in the very air. He became quite lost in reverie as he dismounted to gather some galax leaves. His thoughts were soon disturbed, however, by approaching steps, which he heard among the bushes, and looking around he saw Sam Hardwick confronting him.

The school master spoke to him pleasantly, but Sam was surly. Not noticing this, Hereford ventured to invite him to the entertainment.

"No," he replied, "I jes don' care fo' yo' show, nor fo' yo' either. Yo' had better a d—— site staid where yo' was raised and not come here a meddlin' an' spyin' 'round."

"I'm not a spy, nor do I wish to meddle," interrupted Hereford, but the mountaineer did not indicate in any way that he had heard what was said, and continued: "Pears like yo' seem to be always under foot, but if yo' go too fur, d—— yo', I'll send yo' to kingdom come, an' this is the thing that would do it fo' sho'," he said, as he brandished a revolver, while he gazed upon the school master with rising anger.

"I am unarmed," said Hereford, endeavoring to fully control the emotions which had

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been so suddenly aroused, "and for that reason I have no fears that you will shoot me, for I know that you would not take advantage of me in that way. You possess too much honor. If you lay hands on me, I shall protect myself," he continued, as he threw his shoulders back, and his great form seemed to dilate to even greater magnitude; "but listen,"

"Oh, I know them officers," interrupted Sam, "are mighty smart; they've fooled we-uns befo' now, an' sometimes they've been fooled, an' some have been sent to the place where they don' tell tales."

"Let me speak for myself. I insist," said the school master, "I am not in league with those officers, nor with anyone, to hunt you down. I am just what I pretend to be, a school master. I have been sent here to teach, so that the younger ones may get a little education, and that is my only business, and I want to make friends with the people."

Hereford's words were uttered with so much sincerity that Sam's face lighted up. He seemed to understand now, and he became even communicative and said, "I allow that yo' have done right smart by the Hathorns,

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but yo' see I had quite a fancy for that gal Ruth and had sot my mind on telling her of it some day, but she is getting so peart now, she don't look at me, and I know mighty well that 'tis your devilish books and music that's done it."

"I am very sorry," answered Hereford, "if I have made trouble for you, for I had no thought of anything but helping them to acquire a little knowledge."

"May be so," said Sam; "may be so, but I know she'll never look my way now that she's getting yo' larning."

"Well," replied the other, "the thing for you to do is to come to school and get some learning, too. Companionship in study, as with other work, often leads to strong friendships."

Again the school master urged him to come to the entertainment. Sam simply answered that he would think it over.

When the night arrived, among the first to enter the cabin school room was Sam, who strode in with quite a beaming countenance. Hereford took pains to get him a good seat and showed him every attention.

The little children took part first. Then

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they sang songs in unison, afterward Ruth sang two solos, "Annie Laurie" and "My Old Kentucky Home." Hereford played the accompaniments to them and he thought she did very well, but the audience thought more than that; they were wild with delight. Never had they had so good a time in their lives. At the close Sam spoke to Ruth; he praised her singing and tried to be sociable, but she gave him no encouragement. Ruth was, in fact, too far beyond him. She was better born and had inherited better blood. She did not try to hide her dislike for him, and he had good sense and could see that she wished to be honest in the matter, for honesty, and frankness, are traits respected by every mountaineer.

Later Hereford looked for Sam, as he wished to have another talk with him, but he had gone out into the darkness and was not seen by Hereford for several days.

One afternoon, as the school master was returning from the village, he overtook Sam and asked him how he enjoyed the concert?

Sam answered that he thought it was "mighty nice."

"You had better join us now," said the

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master. "You ought to be learning with the others; besides that we wish to help you to leave off drinking."

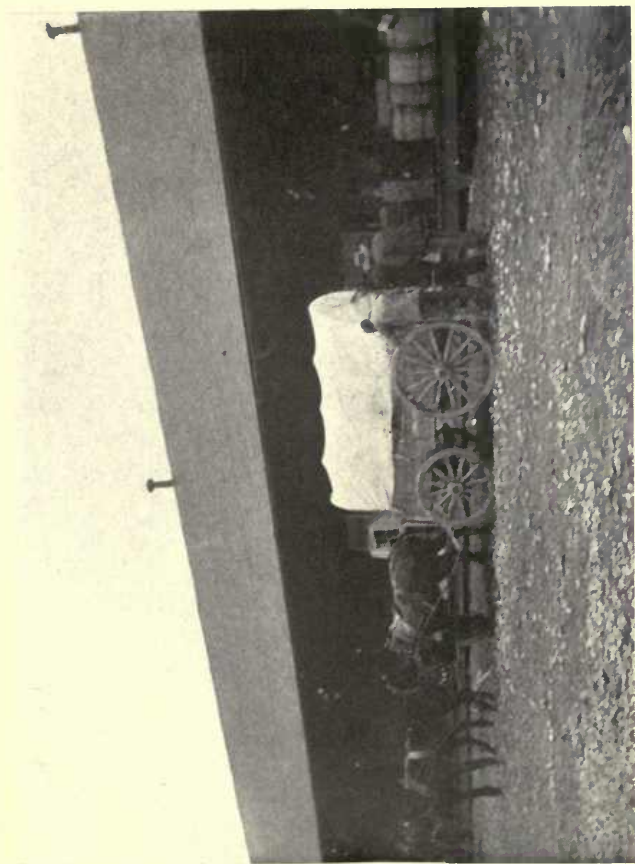
"Wall, I've got a wrong start," replied Sam. "If I had begun befo', there might be more hopes fo' me. I don' want to study, an' I don' want to promise not to drink, so I reckon yo' folks will go one way, and I the other."

Shortly after this conversation they met at the village. Sam crossed over to the corner where Hereford had tied his horse and waited for him to come out of the store.

"Ma wants to send the two young uns to your school," he said, as soon as the school master appeared. "That's good," replied the other. "They may begin to-morrow, if they wish."

"Wall, I'll tell ma. Yo' see we want them to know something as well as the Hathorn children and to have a better chance in life than the rest of us. I've treated yo' mighty mean. I was one of the gang that broke in your school room and I was the one that cut your horse's hair, but I reckon yo'll overlook it. I understand yo' better now than then."

"That is all right," said Hereford, heartily.



In the Mountain Wagon

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Then shaking hands they mounted their horses and rode home together. The following day the two Hardwick children, a boy and a girl, joined the little cabin school.

A few days later the school became afflicted with an epidemic of measles. Three of the pupils were at home sick and others appeared to be too restless to study. So the school was closed. It was the first week of March. A cold wave came suddenly upon them. The wind penetrated the poorly constructed dwellings. Some took cold just as the rash appeared, which made them very ill. There was great need of good nursing.

Max and Belle were among the afflicted ones, but as they were better cared for they were doing well. One little girl, who had been coming two miles to school, had died. Hereford went to see the family, which he found poor, and with but little with which to make themselves comfortable. He saw Sally there. She had been the first to hear of their distress and had taken them a basket of food. Never before had her presence seemed so welcome to Hereford. The Hardwick children, including Sam, were among the stricken ones. Sam was very ill. Hereford took his turn in

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watching with him. "If sister Agnes were only here," he thought. "I will send for her," he decided at last, and this he accordingly did. She came as soon as she could get ready.

The day after her arrival she was duly installed at the Hardwicks, as Sam was in a very critical condition. Mr. Hardwick and his wife seemed fully to appreciate all that was done for their son; and when he began to improve Agnes was almost worshiped by them.

They seemed to regard her ministrations as help sent from another world.

Two more children died before the epidemic waned, but they were not school children. Agnes remained at Glenburg four weeks. The last week, however, was passed in recreation, in order that she might see something of that beautiful section of North Carolina. The Hathorns planned many sight-seeing trips and Agnes was transported with delight, as she and her friends mounted hill after hill. They often halted to rest the patient mules, and when conversation waned, the perfect stillness following the cessation of the noise made by the great lumbering wheels of the mountain wagon was very impressive.

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All seemed awed by the silence as they viewed with rapture God's great handiwork.

One must see this grandeur himself in order to realize its vastness. The mighty mountain ranges stretching from the north-land on, on, toward the golden sunset. Down the verdant valleys flow rushing rivers speeding on, perchance to start the whirring spindles of busy factory towns. Nestling in the vine-clad dales, too, are little villages, and hamlets, adding their human touch to the scenes of picturesque beauty.

At last Agnes returned to her home and Hereford's school work was resumed, and continued until the first of July.

On the last day of the school there were special exercises, to which the parents and friends were invited, and to which even Sally lent her presence. Ruth sang some of her songs and then the school sang in unison. At the close Hereford gave a little address. He began with a tremulous voice: "This is the last day of school, but I urge as many as possible to study during vacation. You can read aloud and improve your spelling by copying articles from magazines which we have here for your use; and any evening I will help you

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if you will but come to me. We wish to do good work next year, for that will probably be my last one here, and it may be your last opportunity to learn. Now I wish to impress upon your minds a few thoughts for the summer. You remember Uriah Heep in David Copperfield which I read to you?"

"Yes," came a chorus of voices.

"Well, what kind of a character was his? Anyone may answer."

"A damned sneak!" answered a chubby little red haired boy.

"A villain, sho' 'nough!" said another. While Ruth answered, "a hypocrite."

"Yes," said Hereford, "you are right; that is the name that best fits him. I hope that no one here will grow to be a hypocrite, but you will find them out in the great world where some of you may go. You will sometimes find them in the church taking the garb of religion to cover their deceit. Such a person generally looks very solemn. He seldom laughs, or if he does forget himself in such an indulgence, he seems to be very sorry for it. He will pray in public twenty minutes to half an hour, or if he exhorts he implies that there is too much worldliness among the young peo-

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ple, and too much indifference among church members. There is nobody quite right, with the exception of one, and very humbly leaves you to guess who that one saint is.

"You may occasionally find such men in the church, but you will also find many persons outside of the church who will not only deceive, but seek to drag you down to dishonor, shame and ruin. Learn to shun such: learn to walk alone, rather than to walk with bad companions. Strive to be true men; raise for yourself a fine ideal and try to live it.

"I want you to be temperate men; you can never truly succeed in life if you make yourselves slaves to 'moonshine.' I want you to be patriotic, for there are millions yearly flocking to our shores, many of whom come imbued with the spirit of anarchy and may yet prove a menace to our country. We may need your strong arms to help protect our dear land for which our fathers bled. Boys, if such a time should come, will you be ready?"

"Fo' sho', sir! fo' sho!" they shouted, and then all the boys, girls, and visitors sprang to their feet in wild excitement, as if the enemy were just outside the cabin. When order was

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restored, the master continued: "I also want you to be good and kind, and to be kind means so much toward human happiness. You can begin to-day in your own homes. My girls may take as much of this talk as will apply to them, and if you all strive to attain the character which I wish you to have, God will help you."

* * * * *

During vacation they had picnics, hunting and fishing parties. Sam was generally among those present. He had improved in every way. He had learned to read and write from the teachings of his little brother and sister. He worked to improve the farm; new light had dawned upon him, and when he saw it he had no wish to turn back.

V

Closing of the Cabin School

TWO years have elapsed since Hereford had opened his school at Glenburg. During this period he had the satisfaction of seeing great progress in the school work. He was thinking now of leaving. Other schools were already being established in different sections.

The mountaineers were filled with enthusiasm upon the subject. Money was raised among them, and this, with outside contributions, had swelled their fund to several thousand dollars.

Hereford felt that he had performed well the work which he was sent to do, and now he must be getting established in a more lucrative business. Teaching had been a stepping stone for him, meanwhile he had studied by himself, and had now decided to go to Scranton, Pa., and take up journalism, a vocation in which he knew so many had risen to distinction.

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He confided his plans to the Hathorns. At the same time he told them of Ruth's great musical possibilities, and of how they could be realized if she could only receive instruction from a great teacher. They answered that they had a relative in Richmond and thought that perhaps they could make some arrangement with her to take Ruth into her home. If she should consent, they could raise money for her lessons. Letters then passed between the two families, and it was settled that Ruth should go the first of November.

Hereford had already planned to go to Scranton, but finding that Ruth was going to Richmond, he changed his plan and decided that he also might do as well in that city. He would then at least escape the long, tedious winters of the North. So he packed up his effects and prepared to leave Glenburg. The organ was to be presented to the first mission that should be opened near them, while "Jerry" was permitted to remain just where he was as a present to the family.

Sally became very much disturbed when she learned that Hereford was going, and she felt sure that the school would not be opened again. She realized that she was going to

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lose a great source of amusement.

The middle of September Hereford bade all his friends farewell. Mr. Hathorn and Luther took him and his luggage to the station in the mountain wagon.

As the train drew up to the depot Hereford took his leave of these two noble hearts, the two who had done so much for his comfort and entertainment during the past two years, and through whose assistance he had been enabled to impart the blessing of knowledge at least to a few earnest minds.

After reaching Richmond Hereford soon found his way to Capitol Hill, a most charming and interesting spot. Here he saw the Old Guard house, State Library, Court House, Governor's mansion and the Confederate Museum, which was once the residence of Jefferson Davis. This imposing structure with its immense pillars both in front and rear, and long windows opening into balconies, overlooked the city below, which, like Rome, was built upon seven hills.

Hereford soon procured a position and his new work kept him so busy that he did not have time to be homesick.

As November approached Hereford call-

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ed on Mrs. Barton, the lady with whom Ruth was to make her home. He found her a short, stout woman, with fair complexion, and possessing a soft, pleasant voice. She had the happy faculty, too, of making one feel perfectly at ease.

Hereford learned that Ruth was to come the first of November, and they arranged that both should meet her at the train.

It did not take Ruth very long to get settled. Mrs. Barton arranged for the use of a piano, her own being quite old and uncertain in tone. Then the question of a teacher arose. Mrs. Barton recommended Signor Immovili. He had been a vocal teacher in New York, but the climate there disagreed with him, so he had removed to Richmond the winter before and had become very popular and successful in his work.

At an early date Mrs. Barton and Ruth called on him and it was decided that the new pupil should begin her lessons at once.

Ruth was very happy in her work and found her new home pleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton had been living alone with one servant since the marriage of their two children, so they found this young girl

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an agreeable companion. They were interested in her work and felt confident of her ultimate success.

Hereford had called occasionally, wishing to learn of Ruth's progress. He was so sure that she would be an artiste, if only the right teacher could instruct her.

Winter, or what is termed winter in Richmond, came and went, and the flowers bloomed again. Then came June, decked in her glorious attire. One evening, as Hereford entered his lodgings, he found a letter containing tickets and a program for a musicale to be given by Immovili's pupils, assisted by outside talent. He was attracted by the sight of Ruth's name and pleased to see that it appeared twice on the program.

His pulses quickened, for this girl had truly interested him, and now he felt sure that he had not been mistaken in his estimate of her talent.

When the evening of the recital came, Hereford dressed carefully and finding that it was still too early for the entertainment to begin, set out for a walk. The moon was new and the young crescent looked peacefully down upon the restless city. The gentle

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breeze was soothing and night's soft presence filled his soul with delicious dreaming. He felt very happy, but in a sense did not realize his high ecstasy. Finally he retraced his steps and when he reached the hall he saw many carriages hurrying thither.

Fair dames and charming misses alighted, all escorted by husbands, brothers or friends. The hall was fast filling and Hereford and the many others were ushered to their seats. The first number was for violin and piano; then came a baritone solo, which was followed by Ruth's solo, "Thine eyes so Blue and Tender," by Lassen, which she sweetly rendered. Her next number was Mozart's "Quando Miro Quel bel Ciglio," which she sang in Italian, and her rendition of it was fine. Her stage presence, too, was charming, and her dress, of light blue muslin, harmonized well with her wavy yellow hair. Hereford wished that her people could have seen her. Surely they would have been proud to claim her as their little mountain maid of Glen-burg.

Hereford's expectations were more than realized. He felt proud of the mountaineer's daughter, but something, however, deeper

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than surprise and pride came into his heart that evening, something so subtle that he did not at first recognize it. At length, however, the truth forced itself upon him, that he was in love. A new happiness took possession of his soul and struggled for utterance, but he held his feelings in check, in spite of all the joy that had so suddenly overwhelmed him. He had no brilliant prospect before him. His dream of success in his new profession was not likely soon to be realized. Should he look forward to the editorial chair, there was little or no encouragement. He well knew that to be a successful editor one must know something about everything, for the pen is the lever that moves the world, and there is an endless demand upon the intellect of the one who wields it.

Hereford was strong physically and morally, and possessed an artistic temperament which he may have inherited from some old Dutch ancestor. His point of view was that of an optimist, for he saw only the beautiful in life, and tried to live up to his high ideals. Still for all that he did not quite measure up to the highest standard which the world calls great. In short, he did not possess the ma-

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terial required for the making of a successful editor, and it was well for him that he recognized his limitations. So he had no way of helping this young girl to win success, and he felt that it would be wrong to drag her down from heights which, under favorable conditions, she would surely gain, to a life of common toil with him. "I must wait for a while at least," he said to himself, "and shut within my heart this secret."

Two weeks elapsed, and then he called on Mrs. Barton, hoping all the while that he would see Ruth, too. He was received cordially by Mrs. Barton as usual. They chatted for some moments regarding the success of the recital and various other topics; finally, as Ruth did not make her appearance, he ventured to inquire particularly concerning her and her work.

He learned that she was out walking with her teacher, Signor Immovili. "Ah!" he simply answered, endeavoring to conceal his surprise. He summoned all his self-possession, however, and continued conversation, hoping to learn why she was in company with her teacher in a social way. He did not have to talk very long to accomplish this, Mrs. Bar-

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ton being one of those honest, open-hearted women, soon gave the desired information without knowing that she had told anything in particular. "Immovili had been coming to the house," she said, "for several weeks. He is very attentive and seems very fond of Ruth. I'm sorry that he is an Italian," she continued, "but his mother is an English woman and he seems like a very good man."

Hereford had heard enough, and very soon withdrew, and wandered back to his room, where he sat in deep meditation upon this unthought of development of affairs.

A few days later he received an invitation from Ruth to tea to meet Immovili. She wrote that she wished for his advice upon an important matter. He knew full well what that meant, and summoned his fortitude accordingly.

Hereford went at the appointed time and met her teacher. He appeared to be a man about thirty-five years of age, of slight and willowy form, rather above the medium height. His smooth face was oval, his eyes were large and black. His English, although broken, was spoken in a charming manner. Hereford could not help being pleased with

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him, and the thought occurred to him at once that this man was the one who could help Ruth to success. She had told him that Immovili had asked her to be his wife. She had written home, and now she waited for her friend's advice. What could he say? He had been the one who had done most to encourage her in her art up to this point, and now he thought the work must proceed. Immovili could help her and he, himself, could not. Besides, he had no assurance that she had ever entertained any feeling but friendship for him. He was too late; he could not woo her now, so he simply answered that if she thought she would be happy with her teacher he felt sure that he could help her to attain great success in her music. This answer decided the matter for her and she became engaged to the Italian.

She went home for a few weeks to visit her people. Soon after her return the wedding occurred. Hereford heard her take the marriage vows. Later he saw her again at the train, and there they parted. The last word "good-bye" was spoken, weighted with the sorrow of parting, and the train sped on.

The bride and groom were to sail for

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Italy. "Out into the great world she is going," sighed Hereford, "lost, lost, to me forever!"

The days wore on, as days are wont to do, in spite of lonely hearts. Hereford battled with his feelings, as he tried to banish the thoughts which she had awakened. She belonged to another now and he had no right to love her. Still the past returned like a haunting dream. He could endure it no longer; he must leave the city. He would return to his old home and resume the work in his father's store, and with Agnes live out his life with his parents. Again he thought that he would stay where he was and live it down. As these conflicting purposes flooded his mind he grew nervous, and breaking away from work he strode one evening at a rapid pace toward Capitol Hill; but the place had lost its charm, and he soon wandered back to his room.

The postman had left a letter for him and he was both gladdened and diverted, for it bore the postmark "Sunledge." It was from Agnes and ran as follows:

"Dear Brother Hereford:

Please arrange to spend your vacation at

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home, and get the time extended if possible. I have news for you. What do you say to having a brother, and that brother a certain minister? I am not joking. You know we have been without a pastor for a long time, and that Mr. Griswold has often supplied our pulpit. He pleased the church people so much that they gave him a call, which he accepted. Then he gave me a call, and I, too, accepted. He tells me now that he has had me in mind ever since the first night he stayed at our house. I know that you are already fond of him, so I have no need to ask your advice. We are to live in the parsonage. There is much to be done and we need you to assist; you are always so helpful. Mother is very much excited, she could not believe it at first, while father said with a sigh: 'I suppose I've got to go to church more now.' But except for this reason I know that he is pleased with my engagement, for he has always liked Mr. Griswold.

Come home, dear, just as soon as you can make arrangements.

Ever your loving sister,

Agnes."

This news was very unexpected to Here-

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ford, for he had never thought of any attachment between the minister and his sister. It was perfectly satisfactory to him, however, that his old friend should be the favored man, if his sister must marry.

Hereford decided at once to leave Richmond. He called on Mrs. Barton and told her of his sister's expected wedding, and that he was going home to stay. She expressed regret that he was to leave her city, but did not suspect the real reason. In less than a week he arrived at Sunledge, and great was the rejoicing at the reunion. Neighbors ran in for a friendly chat. The village girls made unimportant errands or came to offer Agnes assistance. Some lingered after they had risen to go and giggled at every trifling remark, trying very hard to be interesting.

"Law sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Houtman, after the last of a group had finally gone. "I do wish Jane Fox wouldn't stay so; she makes me nervous, particularly now when I have so much to do."

"What can I do, ma, to help," said Hereford.

"Well, first," answered his mother, "there's a door knob to be fixed in the east

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room; then there's two doors to ease up, they bother so about sticking, and there's the old rooster to kill. I've been trying to get your father to do it for some time, but if I ask him at night, he says, 'wait till morning,' and if I ask him in the morning, he says, 'wait till night.' I'd have killed the creature myself if he'd been a hen, but his spurs are so large and he is very cross."

"Well, ma, his time has come now," said Hereford, "if I haven't forgotten how to do a little homely work," and he went toward the hen yard whistling.

The busy days passed rapidly and everyone about Hereford seemed jolly and contented, while he, himself, was doing his utmost to regain his good spirits.

* * * * *

After the wedding was over, and the usual excitement attending such occasions had subsided, Hereford settled down for a while to hard work in the garden and at the store.

Sometimes his former life among the mountaineers now appeared to him like a dream. It seemed so long since he started out on that pilgrimage. Then the little cabin school arose before his vision, the streets of Richmond,

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the beautiful James river, the church, the bride who had emerged from it, the cars, the last word, and the longing and yearning would return for the face which he might never see again.

How many of us have not experienced moments when it seemed as if we had wholly broken with the past, and the future appeared a blank before us, stretching out into illimitable wastes. Who has not felt, too, the forlornness of such a mood.

Many tell us now that the way to overcome depression is to gain a mastery over the will and think ourselves into a better condition of mind. We know that there are some who attain great mental heights, where the inner self rests wholly submissive to the Divine will, every trial being regarded by such as necessary to their higher development.

Hereford realized that life is really too full of opportunity to waste time in regret. Each has his important work to do. There are evils against which we must use our influence, some of which have slowly and stealthily crept into society, but they are there nevertheless.

We are ever ready to denounce that infa-

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mous gaming saloon at Monte Carlo, and yet how many people sanction gambling in the social circle. We call the evil by its real name, for then only can its nature be defined, and no one be deceived.

The Bucket Shop, or speculation on margins, was only another species of gambling, where men and women went down to ruin by the score. Recent legislation has made some attempt to check the business, but the gigantic scheme will not be abolished until margin purchases cease to be lawful.

Besides these evils is the appalling influence of the social drink. Oh! that all would banish the wine cup from their tables and from all social functions, and be brave enough to come out on the side of sobriety, that the curse of strong drink may not descend as an awful inheritance upon their children. In close proximity to the ancestral line so often flows the river of moral death!

If women fully realized their great power to influence, they would strive for a high ideal of Christian womanhood. They should indeed be shining lights and so be helpful to men, who have more temptations in life than they.

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The soul should grow strong to resist, for its strength is needed to help dethrone evil, and the good which will finally be achieved will tell on ages, for humanity and God.

VI

Retrospection

DURING the three years after the marriage of his sister Agnes, Hereford found himself gradually rising in his profession. He had not been at home very long when his active, ambitious nature prompted him to obtain a position on a Scranton newspaper. He had also done some lecturing among the miners, desiring always to be helpful and uplifting in his influence. He made frequent visits home, where he spent most of his Sundays, much to the delight of his mother and the rest of the family.

There was now a little boy at the parsonage in Sunledge, who was just beginning to walk; they called him Justin.

Nearly every pleasant day Agnes wheeled the baby in his carriage to her parents' home. One day after she had visited them and had returned to her own home, Peter Houtman was aroused from his newspaper, over which he was partially dozing, by his wife's exclamation:

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"Law sakes! I guess it pays to be connected with a good substantial church. If we'd been off 'tending Advent meetings like Sister Susan, we shouldn't have a minister in the family, and if their boy lives he'll most likely be one, too!"

"As to that," said Mr. Houtman, after some reflection, "I don't know as I want the boy to be a minister. I guess that one is enough in a family; not but that I like the parson, but I want the boy to be a business man. There's more tin in business, wife, more tin, and that's what is needed in these times to make things go. I really don't see that Hereford has gained much by leaving the ranks of business. Sometimes I think that he feels the same about it. I often notice a sad, disappointed look on his face when he is lost in thought."

"Law sakes Peter! you just imagine that. You know that you are a little inclined to the hypo," answered Mrs. Houtman.

"I don't see any hypo about that. You always think that I've got the hypo if I don't think the same as you do," said Peter, slightly irritated.

"Law sakes Peter! how you talk. I don't

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expect you always to think as I do, but I'm sure Hereford always seems very cheerful to me," replied the other. Just then there was a knock at the door and their conversation was interrupted. As the caller entered, Mr. Houtman retreated from the back door and turned his steps toward his store.

Hereford heard from Luther occasionally and his letters contained glowing reports from Ruth. Her strong Huguenot inheritance was asserting itself. She and her husband had been very successful in their music. She had sent money home, enough in fact to build a new and larger house for her parents, with full directions and plans for building it.

The last accounts were that the house was completed and that her people were moving into it. They had a stove in the hall and either a fireplace or grate in each of the other rooms. So they expected to be very comfortable when the cold winds blew from the north.

Ruth was to come home for a few months' rest, while her husband was to open a studio in Richmond, where she would eventually assist him.

Luther also wrote that he was making im-

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provements in the old home, and as soon as they were completed he should marry and take his bride there to live.

"I wrote you," the letter continued, "that Sam married soon after you left. I forgot your request to write you the particulars. Well, this is the story. Sam's girl was about thirty-two years old and lived in Pineboro, a few miles distant. She had been left with a large farm and was obliged to depend wholly upon help to manage it. Sam had heard that this girl had a good stock of hens and he wanted to get some good eggs for setting, so he took a trip over there and procured the eggs. In about a week he reckoned he wanted more eggs, so he made another journey to the home of this fair maid. She evidently had plenty of eggs to spare, and, besides, she put a little pig in a basket and insisted that he should accept it for good luck. He came home very proud, of course, and soon made another trip to see her. Well, to make a short story, they both came to the conclusion very suddenly that they were willing to close a bargain. Sally said (and I suppose she knows) 'that Sam had an eye to the gal's good farm, and the gal needed Sam to look

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after the work; so she reckoned it was a pretty good match if the gal could fancy sech a man.'

"You see it looks like she didn't give them credit for any romantic or poetic thought about the matter; at any rate, in a short time Sam bought a black suit of clothes and the young lady bought a new dress and hat and off they drove to the minister's house and were quietly married. Then they returned to her home, where they now live."

Another letter from Luther soon followed this bit of gossip. Hereford wondered at hearing from him again so soon and went to his room, where he could be alone to open it. He unfolded the enclosed sheet and read the startling news of Immovili's death.

He became almost dazed as his eyes followed the lines. His hands grew cold, his body swayed, the letter dropped to the floor. He had never before come so near fainting in all his life. After a few half unconscious moments he rallied, and picking up the letter, he resumed reading:

"Ruth and her husband were all ready for their journey home, when Immovili was taken suddenly ill, and lived but two days. His

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mother, who resided in Dorsetshire, England, was notified and his remains were taken to her home, accompanied by Ruth, and he was buried in the family lot. Ruth is to sail for America as soon as possible."

Hereford thought of her being all alone in her sorrow, so far away from home, with the great ocean lying between them. The voyage would be so tedious to one who was longing for the first glimpse of home and the dear ones anxiously awaiting her there.

When her life was bright with happiness and prosperity, Hereford had grown reconciled to their separation. But now when trouble had met her in life's journey he was deeply moved, and reproached himself severely for having interfered with the peaceful current of her life in her mountain home. She was happy there, a child of nature, and sang as sang the birds for very joy. Now she was bereft of her husband, who had been her teacher, inspiration and guiding star, and her musical career could hardly be a success without him.

Just previous to the receipt of his very important letter Hereford had changed his lodging-place to the home of Mrs. Peerly, a

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widow. He was her only boarder, but her front rooms were let to lodgers.

This woman had a son in business and an only daughter Fanny, who assisted her mother in the household duties.

This girl possessed a bright, genial disposition, and often tried to draw her new boarder out in conversation, but she found it quite difficult.

"He's an old glum," she said one day to her brother. "I can't make him even look at me, and I know I'm not bad looking, am I, Ned?"

"Oh, now! you just want a compliment," replied the other.

"No," said Fanny, "but, say, Ned, we'll find out where he goes to church, and ask him to go to ours sometime."

"All right, Fan, I will. He seems to be a mighty nice fellow, and he must get lonely sometimes away from home and friends. So it happened later that Hereford consented one Sunday to accompany them to the evening service. They did not have his company regularly, however, because he was often either at home or lecturing among the miners on Sunday.

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When he was in Scranton he went with these people to their church, and sometimes to walk, or occasionally during the week to some place of amusement.

The young journalist felt a growing interest in his work and surroundings, for he was living in a large and busy city. Its collieries, iron manufactories, and trade in mining supplies, brought it prosperity. Still in spite of the fine residences and great public buildings, the general appearance of the city was somber, and it never could seem as attractive to him as Richmond.

VII

Mrs. Houtman and the Thieving Dog

AS Hereford entered the house on one of his flying visits home he heard his mother talking in a very excited manner. "Peter," she said, "you must shut the bulkhead door after you when you use it."

"Why, what's the matter now," said her husband, as he observed her excitement.

"Dogs!" she answered.

"Dogs?" repeated her husband.

"Yes, dogs!" gasped she, "they get in the cellar. A great black dog got in the cellar to-day and carried off that ham you sent home. We hadn't cut but three slices from it. I heard a noise down there, and, as I chanced to glance out of the window, I saw that creature running from the yard with that great ham in his mouth. I shouted at him and called him a thief and a wretch, but still he ran, and I chased after him with the broom. I should have struck him with all my might, but I couldn't catch up with him."

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It was an exciting chase, but the dog beat."

Mrs. Houtman laughed until tears rolled down her cheeks, and her husband and son joined her out of sheer sympathy. As soon as she could control herself sufficiently to continue her narrative she said, "That ain't all; when I turned homeward I cast my eye around to see if anyone was in sight, and, seeing no one, I went through Pleasant Street to make a short cut, and there I met Agnes walking out with one of her most fashionable parishioners, Mrs. Fessendon. Well, if I ever, goodness me, no, I never did in all my life feel so cheap; I could have sunk through the earth. I was dressed in my old calico dress, my hair was loose and stray locks were flying in the breeze. I had the broom in my hand and was walking at a rapid pace. Agnes looked surprised and shocked as we met, and exclaimed, 'Why mother!' while I faintly gasped, 'Law sakes!' and I guess that's about all we did say, for I edged away, at any rate, just as soon as I could, and I've hardly got my senses back yet. So, mind you, shut that door after you, Peter, for I don't want all the dogs in town in my cellar. I don't care so much about the loss of the ham, as I do about

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meeting Mrs. Fessendon. I snum that was too much."

"It's too bad," said Mr. Houtman, still laughing, "but I guess that it won't hurt Mrs. Fessendon to see a woman with a broom."

"Well, I suppose not," replied the wife, "but women are not expected to promenade the streets with brooms in their hands."

"Well," said her husband, "you ought to have told them you were getting ready for a broom drill."

"I hadn't wit enough, you see, for that, Peter," answered his wife, quite exhausted after her story.

When Mrs. Houtman had a direct message to deliver, or in general conversation, she always called her husband Peter. If, however, she wanted a special favor, as, for instance, some money for shopping, she invariably called him "Pa." She probably received a larger sum in consequence. It doubtless created a fatherly feeling and relaxed his purse strings. But it cannot be vouched for as a fact that she did it for that purpose; in truth, such a course was not at all necessary in her case, but habits sometimes unconsciously form themselves, and we often do things

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thus and so, we know not why, only that it is our way.

Shortly after this visit Hereford learned that another mountaineer, a little girl, had wakened into life. Ruth had become a mother. She was to remain at home a year, then she intended to go to Richmond and take up once more her residence with Mrs. Barton, with the thought of teaching music and obtaining a position as church soloist. She felt that she must make good use of her time, as her husband had left her but little money, and now she had a child to rear and educate.

The little one, whom they named Tessina, was the object of much admiration and special interest, because she was a posthumous child. Many made long journeys to see her. Some distant relatives and old friends journeyed forty or fifty miles in their mountain wagons, camping out on the way at night, as is the custom of those living in remote localities when they go to cities to trade. Others came on horseback, some out of mere curiosity, having heard of Ruth's strange marriage and wonderful experience.

And Sally thought the child was sent on purpose to amuse her. She visited her nearly

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every day, and was helpful in many ways.

When October came Ruth took her little daughter and went to Richmond, as she had planned. Mrs. Barton received her with open arms. In a few days the young mother procured the services of a nurse maid. She was a colored woman, between thirty-five and forty years of age, whom they called Judy. Her friends said that she married young and was soon deserted by her unprincipled husband, and that he had soon after left the state and she had never seen him since. However that may be, this servant proved very faithful to Tessina, so Ruth was soon ready to take up her teaching.

She readily found pupils. Mrs. Barton was widely known and her friends took a great interest in Ruth, and little Tessina was fast winning her way. Judy, too, grew very fond of her charge. People often stopped her on the street when she was wheeling the child to admire the little lady, and when strangers spoke to Judy she always hastened to inform them that the child was half Italian and half mountaineer. This uncommon alliance at once excited curiosity, which was followed by questions, but Judy was always

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equal to the occasion and soon had her interesting story all by heart.

April came at length bringing warmer days. The winter in Scranton had been long and tedious. Everybody had grown so weary of it and the ground was still covered with snow. It was rapidly melting, however, where the sun shone upon it. People longed to see bare ground once more, and no one, perhaps, more earnestly than did Hereford.

Instinctively his thoughts often wandered back to Richmond, and one day he was seized with an irresistible longing for warmer skies, the deep blue skies which he had so loved.

With these thoughts in mind he determined to visit that city. He took the train on the following day for Richmond. On arriving there he hired a room at a hotel. The next day was Sunday. He took an early walk about the city and out in the rural parts, but returned in time for church.

He knew the church where Ruth was engaged as a soloist, and he had a great desire to hear her sing before he spoke with her.

He entered the church during the playing of the voluntary and took a rear seat.

When Ruth arose to sing her solo, every

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eye was directed toward her. Calm and lovely she looked as she stood there, and when the clear, birdlike notes of Gounod's "The Peace of God," rang out upon the stillness, many eyes were filled with tears.

After the service was over, Hereford waited to see his friends. He met Mrs. Barton first, and then he stood, face to face, with Ruth. Their emotion was too deep for speech, although each stammered some word of greeting as they passed out of the church.

He was invited to their home to dinner and there he was soon introduced to the little Tessina.

The child had large black eyes, and dark curly hair, and was in features a typical little Italian.

Hereford called nearly every day, and Ruth and he walked or drove out into the country on many a pleasant afternoon. Each seemed to feel a keen sense of pleasure as they found themselves side by side as in the old days at Glenburg.

The days passed swiftly and Hereford's vacation was nearly over. On the afternoon before the time expired they walked across one of the bridges which span the James

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River. They both looked down upon the turbulent waters as they dashed against the boulders. It was a wild, but interesting sight, and both felt impressed by the scene. For some minutes they were wrapped in silence, which he was the first to break. "I shall be very lonely, Ruth, when I go back to Scranton." She raised her eyes and looked off into the distance and answered with a hesitating voice, "So shall I."

Then they wandered off toward the hills, and finding a quiet spot under a clump of pines, they sat down to rest. Their conversation since they left the river had been of a desultory nature, but at length Hereford resumed his former tone of seriousness.

"I shall miss you, Ruth; in fact, my life will never be complete unless you will consent to be my wife."

"You forget, dear friend," she replied, "that I am a mother, and have my sacred maternal duties to perform. Somehow I fear I could not be as faithful to my little child if I married again."

"I think you could," responded Hereford. "I feel sure your child would gain by it, for I promise that I would faithfully perform my

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duty as her protector. You are safe in trusting me, Ruth."

"Yes," she answered, "I know well your sterling qualities, but it is so soon for me to think of marriage after——"

"I know," he interrupted, "but I'm not a stranger."

"No," said she, "and I owe you so much gratitude. You have been a good friend not only to me, but to all my family. If my consent to be your wife will make you happy, you shall have it, and have it now. I will not keep you waiting."

The day was fading; lower sank the sun; the night was coming on, night which whispers of peace on earth; night which also tells of life in the far heavens. The mocking birds sang, the crickets chirped and innumerable little insect voices drowsily hummed their sweet refrain. Ruth and Hereford sat with clasped hands, while their hearts swelled with gratitude to God for all His gifts to men, and His best gift, love, for sweet was the blessed love that came into their lives that night and made them both so happy. They were heedful of the flight of time, but finally sauntered homeward. Before Hereford slept that

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night he had the joy of seeing the betrothal ring upon Ruth's finger.

They talked of future plans late into the night. "Shall I have to go to Scranton to live?" she inquired, as a little cloud unconsciously gathered over her brow.

"Not if you prefer this city," he answered.

"I do prefer this place to any other in the world," she answered. "You see traditions of ancestry still center about me; it is hard to leave for new regions where new friendships must be formed with people who would differ from me in many ways."

Hereford could easily see that she dreaded the thought of new fields, so he said, "I will find business here." So it was decided that they should make their future home in Richmond.

Hereford returned to Scranton the following day, when, through the intricate workings of fate, he was again forced to change his course. He bade his city friends farewell and left for home. He longed to see his people and tell them of his new, sweet happiness.

He overtook Agnes, who was on her way home from some parish call. In a moment his strong arms were about her.

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"Why, Hereford!" she exclaimed, "where did you come from, and what has happened? You look so wild and hardly seem like my usually quiet brother."

Then he affectionately drew her arm within his and as they walked he told her his strange story. Agnes looked up into her brother's face with tear bedimmed eyes. She could find no words to utter, so he continued, "You will very soon have a sister and a niece, the little Tessina, whom you will love at sight."

This news made Agnes very happy, for she had often feared her brother might never marry. She had half suspected that he had experienced some great disappointment, but she had never questioned him, although she wondered why he kept it from her.

They stopped at the parsonage to find the minister, then they all went to Peter Houtman's home. When Mr. Houtman first learned the news he said "Sho!" He had been sitting quietly with his legs crossed, but simultaneously with the exclamation "sho!" down went his number tens solidly upon the floor; then up he sprang and went to the window and peered out. There was nothing in the world to see,

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for that window looked out upon the kitchen garden, and nothing but dried stocks thrusting through the melting snow could be seen. Still he gazed, but no other word escaped from his lips, and whatever he meant by "sho!" was left for his hearers to conjecture.

Mrs. Houtman, however, was more talkative. "Law sakes!" she exclaimed, "this is a surprise. I did so hope that you would come back to Sunledge to live and marry one of our town girls; then we could all neighbor together and have such nice times. Well, this beats all, I snum, it does indeed." "Snum" was a word which she was now allowed to use without chiding. It was a word which she depended upon to express great emotion. Agnes knew this, so she kept silent, though she had often before asked her not to use it.

The village folks soon learned the news, for such news generally spreads rapidly in a small place, no matter how quiet one tries to keep it, and after it finds its way to the grocery store, no newspapers are needed to make further announcements.

There was quite a little celebration one way and another, mingled, however, with regrets that Hereford was to settle so far away.

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For he had many friends in that little village.

In a few days he was on his way to the place which was to be his home. After a few days of househunting they decided upon a comfortable cottage half a mile beyond the city. This they furnished simply.

After all was in readiness, they were quietly married, and with the assistance of Judy, began their housekeeping.

They planted more shrubs about the place and laid out little flower beds, while in the rear of the house was made the kitchen garden. The time passed rapidly and July was near at hand with its usual heat. When it had arrived they closed their little home and journeyed to Glenburg, where they planned to remain until October. Their vacation days were filled with delight. Sally came often to see Tessina and did not forget to remain to "see them eat."

The Hathorns took them one day to see Sam and pay their respects to his wife and little son, who was an interesting child and looked like his mother. Sam's wife was a robust, good-natured woman, and manifested much pleasure in meeting her visitors. Sam was still lank and angular, but his face beamed

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with delight as he showed his friends about the place.

During the drive home it was remarked that it was no wonder that Sam once upon a time went there often for eggs. Then they all agreed that it was a pretty good match, and Sam was a fortunate fellow. They told stories the remainder of the way and had a merry time. When they reached home, they found Sally sitting on the steps waiting for them. She meant to be on hand that night, of all nights, to hear the news.

Hereford returned to Richmond in September. He procured a position on a newspaper, and later when his family returned, Ruth also resumed her work in music. Two years of uninterrupted happiness ensued, then there came a change in their little household affairs. A time when a nurse took full charge and all yielded to her mandates.

When the critical time arrived some of the women of the neighborhood, who had taken a great interest in the coming of the prospective stranger, gathered on the back porch to be within calling distance if anything was needed. At length old Mrs. Tubbs came hobbling along. She had a lame foot and carried

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a cane to support her weight. She had heard that Mrs. Houtman was ill and had come to see if she could be of any assistance. She had been present on many such occasions in her day, and was regarded by some as being very wise and that she even knew a little more than the doctor on some points. As to her knowledge of signs she was a perfect Seer. They said that she could predict almost anything, whether it ever came to pass or not, is not our purpose to relate. However, she joined the group and they all debated as to the likelihood of the child being a boy. One said that the last part of the month was in favor of a girl. "I do hope," said Mrs. Tubbs, "that it will get here before Friday, for that is such an unlucky day; the poor thing would have no chance in the world, and if born soon after midnight on Friday they say they are always haunted by ghosts and spirits." "Oh——," responded the company in unison, "I 'clar' wouldn't that be awful," said one. "It cert'nly would," sighed another. "Dear me," said the third one.

The morning passed and at noon they went home to lunch. The latter part of the afternoon they congregated again and renewed

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their hopes that the child would come before Friday.

Finally Judy came running out wild with excitement, exclaiming:

"It's here; golly it's here fo' sho!"

"What, the baby?" they all asked in one breath. They couldn't have recited the sentence better if they had practised it a week.

"Is it a boy? is it a girl?" they eagerly questioned, again in concert.

"I 'clar I don' know dat," said Judy. "I jes heared dem say it's landed' an' I rushed out here, fo' I done thought I should faint."

Then the cry of the newly born child was heard, for another little girl had come to live with them, and fortunately she had arrived before the woeful Friday.

Hereford dreamed that night of Glenburg. He dreamed that he saw Ruth down by the spring. Her yellow hair unbraided and dishevelled, floated over her shoulders. Her hands and face were soiled with the dust of the highway. She looked warm and weary, as she sat upon a stone and sipped a draught from a tin cup which hung by the spring. Then she bathed her hands and face in the clear, rippling water, and looked much re-

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freshed. She had no more than finished drying her hands when a flock of white pigeons flew over her, then lighted by the side of the spring. They, too, seemed to want to refresh themselves with the cooling water.

They were not afraid of her, and one was so tame that she stroked its soft wings. Then the location changed. Hereford was upon the sloping hillside gathering flowers with the school children, their arms were full of the beautiful rhododendron, azaleas and mountain laurel.

They decked the school room and Hereford looked around for Ruth, but she was not there. He inquired of the children concerning her, but all answered that they had not seen her.

Then his dream became troubled and indefinite in character. When he awoke the sun was shining brightly, flooding his room with light. He looked about half bewildered, wondering where he was. Had he been dreaming? Then he arose quickly, and before he was wholly dressed the cry of the little one was heard; he hastened to the bedside of his wife and child, scarcely yet realizing his great happiness.

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They named the baby Virginia, after the name of the colony where the Hathorn's ancestors first landed.

VIII

Hereford's Mother in Richmond

A YEAR has passed since that memorable day when little Virginia had opened her eyes upon the world. Hereford's mother was now expected for a visit. She had been longing especially to see her little granddaughter. When she met Ruth she kissed her and said:

"Law, sakes! You are pretty as a picture. How I long to hear you sing!" She then gathered Tessina in her arms for a moment and then took the baby in her lap. Presently Judy came in and took Virgie, for it was tea time. When Mrs. Houtman saw her she extended her hand in a most cordial and familiar manner. Judy looked surprised, but Mrs. Houtman did not seem to notice it and said:

"I'm so glad to see you, Judy. I don't know your last name. I've heard so much about you. How is your health?"

"I'se right smart, thank yo'," answered Judy.

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"Well, I'm glad to hear it, I'm sure," said Mrs. Houtman, smiling with good nature.

Later Hereford told his mother that she had better be a little more reserved with the servants, but she didn't remember it, for the next morning she insisted upon helping Judy with the dishes. Later Ruth took her sight-seeing. St. John's Church was pointed out to her, where the Virginia Convention was held in 1775 when Patrick Henry sounded the declaration "Give me liberty, or give me death." The State Library and other important buildings were also objects of deep interest to Mrs. Houtman. They visited Manchester and Belle Isle. They lunched at a restaurant, as they found it more convenient. After the colored waiter had served the lunch he took his place behind them, as is the custom of waiters. Mrs. Houtman, seeing him standing there, said:

"You had better go and sit down. We shan't get through for some time. I don't want to be hurried, law sakes! because it gives me indigestion." He bowed and smiled, saying at the same time, "There is no hurry, mam." Then seeing her look at him again quite sharply, he moved away and waited by

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the wall at a little distance.

Ruth said nothing, although she felt very much amused. After they had finished their lunch and were again outside, Tessina said:

"Grandma, those colored men always stand behind our chairs to wait on us."

"Yes, I suppose so, dear," replied the other, "but I always thought it was dreadful impolite to stand and watch people eat, and I thought I'd just let that waiter know that I knew what good manners are. But if that's their custom I won't say anything the next time."

Shortly before Mrs. Houtman left her own home Agnes had given her a lorgnette, thinking that it would be convenient for her use on Sundays when she was reading the service. Mrs. Houtman used it, however, on every possible occasion; it was so new and novel. One day she stood by the wood pile looking through the glasses and Tessina, watching her, said:

"Grandma, can't you see those big sticks of wood without your glasses?"

"Law sakes, dear, yes, I think I can see them better without, but I'm practising looking with them to get the right style.

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Mrs. Fessendon, one of our parishioners, has a lorgnette, and she makes a great display, but I guess I can't learn to flourish it around as she does, but I can use it in a quiet way, and I shall always set great store by it."

The days passed rapidly, and the time finally came when Mrs. Houtman bade them good-by and returned to Sunledge. She had seen enough to talk about for many months and in the future she no doubt would often refer with pride to the many things she saw and heard when she was in the South.

Tessina often spoke of her grandmother's visit and wished she would come again. She was an affectionate child, but often impetuous. Sometimes combs, brushes and even books flew from her hands, but the storms of passion were soon over. Sometimes her father threatened that she would have to go to England and live with her grandmother Immovili. Then she would quiet down, and, taking the hair brush to him, she would begin to brush his hair, knowing very well how it would soothe him.

After a little time had elapsed she would say, "You will not send me to England, will you? If you do send me away off across the

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great ocean you won't have any little girl to brush your hair! Virgie can't do it; she ain't big enough."

"Well, but mama will," the father would answer.

"Oh! she can't do it as well as I can; she ain't got time."

Then he would take the little irresistible witch on his knee, and they would become good friends again.

IX

Judy and Tessina Clash

“**W**HAT yo’ doin’, child, wid dat yere dish pan?” asked Judy, one morning, nearly on the verge of impatience. “Yo’ jes bring it back in de house right smart. I done want it.”

“Oh! I’m sailing my boat in it,” replied Tessina. “You jes wait awhile, Judy, and stop your jawing.”

“I ’clar, chile, I done can’t wait fo’ yo’ notions. I’ll tell yo’ ma if yo’ don’ bring it back dis yere minute.”

“I wouldn’t be a tell-tale nigger if I was you; it is bad enough to be black, without being a blabber,” said Tessina, in disparaging tones.

“I’se jes’ ez de Lawd made me, bress yo’! an’ I s’pect He knew best, but yo’ mus’n’t call me niggah. Yo’ is mighty naughty to-day, an’ if yo’ ain’t a better girl de ole giant will come fo’ sho’ an’ carry yo’ off.”

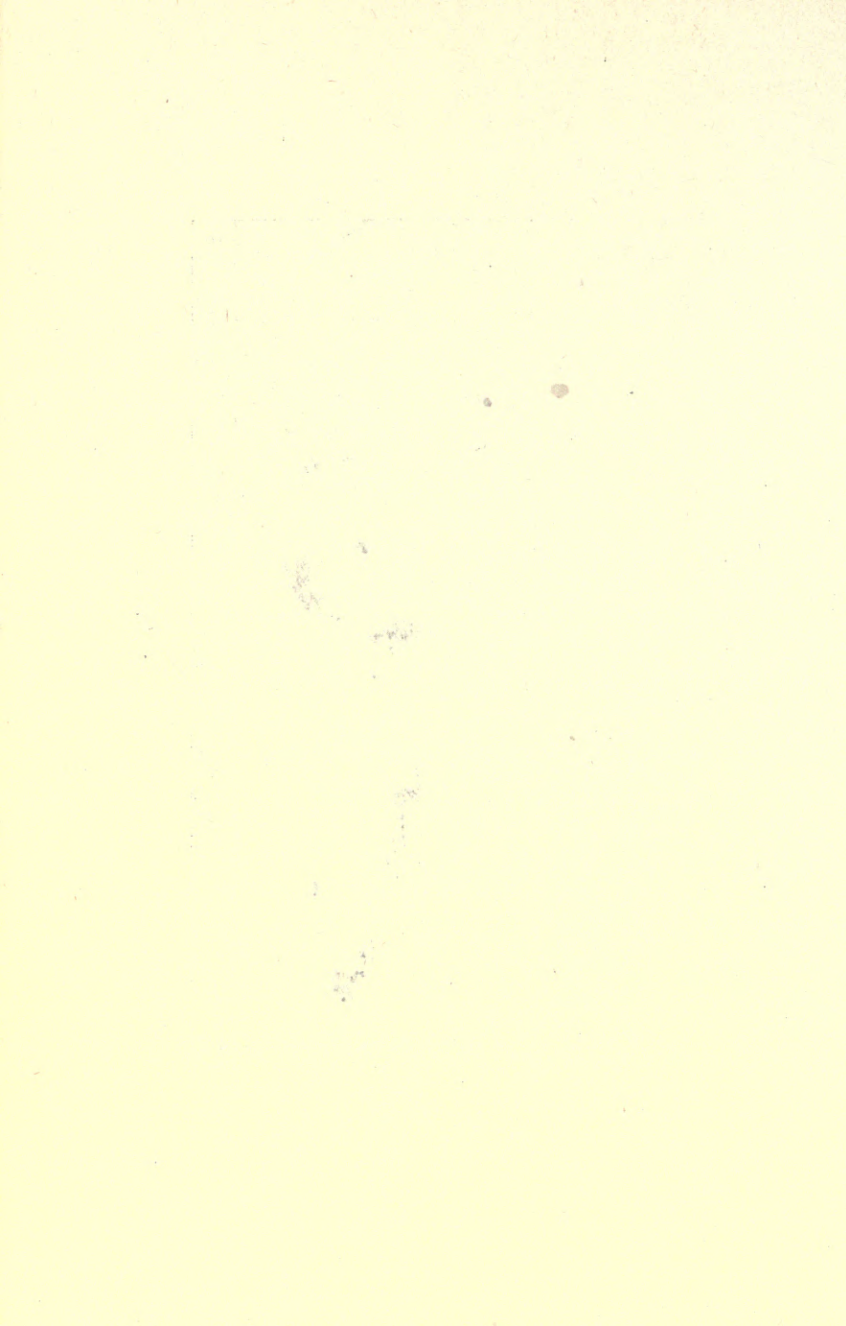
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"Well," answered the child, "I'll jes tell him to take you first, and if I must go, too, I'll follow on behind." This answer was too much for Judy and she went off into the house giggling, her mouth stretched nearly from ear to ear, showing her great white teeth. She was utterly vanquished, and Tessina continued to sail her boat to her heart's content. After she grew weary of her play she took the pan in and said:

"Judy, I have been away off across the blue ocean to England. I went to see grandma. I told her all about you. I told her how you fussed about the dish pan, and she said that I did right to keep it, and that I could have it any time I wanted it; that it didn't belong to you. Then I told her that I wanted to take the coffee-mill out to my playhouse, but I s'posed Judy would jaw so. Then she said, 'Never mind about her jawing, but take the coffee-mill whenever you want it.' Then I told her what you said about the giant and that perhaps he might come." As Tessina said this, she looked over her shoulder, first one side, then the other, as if she feared he might already be near. "But grandma said I need not be afraid of him, fo' he died long, long



“ But yo’ mussn’t call me Niggah ”



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ago. So now, Judy, you need not scold about every little thing and make yourself so important. You can't boss everything. Grandma said so, and, of course, she knows."

"Law, chile, what quar notions yo' do hav'; yo' is a strange un, sho' nough. But yo' muss'n't tell sech stories. I 'clare I done don' know what will happen to yo' if yo' do."

At this point Judy was called to go on an errand to the store. Tessina followed with her doll carriage in spite of Judy's protestations, for she was not dressed as Judy would have her when she went down town.

"Go back, chile, an' I'll bring yo' some candy! Yo' don' look fit to go to de store an' I done can't stop now to change yo' dress."

"I shan't go back," responded Tessina. "I look as good as yo' do; so now stop your fussin'," and she carried the day.

After Judy had made her purchases and they were returning home they were overtaken by a colored man whom Judy knew.

"Dat yo', Judy," said he. "I s'pects 'tis," she answered, throwing her head up at the same time. They halted and stood facing each other.

"What made yo' hurry so from de meetin'

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last night. I was gwine to ask to go home wid yo'."

"I don' know," said Judy, "but I never did like to hang 'round a church arfter de meetin' is over. Dar's some folks dat do, 'though, I allow."

"I've had my mind made up to ask yo' somethin'," continued the other, "but it 'pears like yo' never give me a chance, an' now, by golly, I'se gwine to take de chance dat has come dis yere mornin'. Ise not gwine to 'spress myself in many words, but I'se gwine to tell yo' dat I lub yo' mighty well an' I want yo' to promise to marry me."

"No, Caleb," answered Judy, "I done can't make any sech promise."

At this answer, Caleb shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and rolled his eyes, saying, "Can't I 'swade yo', Judy? Don' be hasty dar now; jes' think a spell about it."

"My answer is no," persisted Judy; yo' can't support yo'self, but live half de time on yo' po' ole mother, an' if yo' can't support yo'self, yo' couldn't another fo' sho'."

"I wuz thinkin'," answered Caleb, "dat yo' could work fo' Marse Houtman jes de same, but come home nights. Ma'd let us hav' de

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front room in her cabin an' Mrs. Houtman would, of co'se, giv' us all de left overs if we wuz keepin' house. So it wouldn't cost much fo' our food an' we could git along right smart, we cert'n'y could."

"No, Caleb, I'se no fool niggah. I'se not in sech a hurry to marry as all dat; so if dats all yo've got to say yo'd better go along an' try some other gal."

"I don' wan' any other gal 'cause yo' is de gal I lub," he answered.

"It's no use talkin'," insisted Judy, "I done shan't give my consent, do yo' heah? I done shan't marry a po', shiftless niggah, an' I don' wan' yo' comin' to de house, an' I don' wan' you hangin' round arfter meetin' makin' folks talk!"

"Oh, I 'spose yo're arfter one of dem slick waiters at de Lexington," retorted Caleb.

"I done shan't say who I'se arfter, but I'se mighty sho' dat it ain't yo', it sholy ain't; so dats all I've got to say," and she hurried along with Tessina toward home. She felt quite indignant at Caleb's proposal and had not overcome her agitation when she reached the Houtmans. Ruth noticed her disturbed appearance, but said nothing, as her mind

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was occupied with a letter the post had brought from Susan Tripp, who was a step-sister of Hereford's mother.

"Many years before this lady had migrated to Vermont, where she taught school. After a few months she became acquainted with John Tripp, a young farmer, and a man very prominent among the Adventists. So her teaching soon came to an end, for they married and settled in his native town, where by hard work they had succeeded in accumulating a modest little fortune. Susan had often talked of visiting her step-sister in Sunledge, but Mr. Tripp was always too busy to leave home cares. At length she decided to go alone. She had no children to leave, so she readily installed a housekeeper, and, after getting her household matters adjusted she prepared to pack for her journey. After her visit in Sunledge she wrote that she expected to pass a few days in Washington. Then she wished to continue her journey to Richmond to make them a visit, if she could be accommodated, as she wished to see something of Southern life before returning home.

Hereford answered promptly, inviting her to come as soon as she found it convenient

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and he would show her "Dixieland." She could set her own time and he would meet her at the station.

When the appointed day arrived she was kindly escorted by Hereford to his home. She appeared to be about forty-five or fifty years of age, and was muscular but not fleshy. She was a good conversationalist, but her voice was harsh and grating, or it seemed so at least to Hereford, who noticed it more, perhaps, having been accustomed to hearing the soft voices of the Southern women.

Ruth and the children were ready to meet her. After her wraps had been disposed of she spoke to Virgie, then turning to Tessina she said, "Oh! this is the little Italian girl, is it? Well, she *is* dark; I should think you would be afraid folks would think that she was a mulatto."

Hereford immediately turned the subject, but not quickly enough to escape Tessina's or the mother's ears. Susan had made an unfavorable impression upon both, but she did not know it, and it was seemingly passed over.

The following day Tessina played by the wood pile during most of the time. She dug a large hole and filled it with water, then she

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went in the house and took Judy's mop and dipped it in the puddle, then drew it out and wrung it, as she had seen Judy do. This she continued to do several times, then she threw down the mop and made mud cakes to her satisfaction. All went well until Judy looked for her mop and when she found it, and in such a condition, too, she scolded soundly. "Yo' naughty chile, fo' takin' dis yere mop! Giant come quick and take dis yere chile away." Then there was a crying time and mama appeared on the scene. The next day Tessina was quite out of sorts because Judy kept silent and did not notice her much. When evening came Tessina threw her arms around her mother's neck and said: "I jes' love you ma, do you love me to-night?"

"Yes, dear, I always love you," responded Ruth.

"Well, Judy, don' love me; she's mad and I'm mad with her. She's been cross all day jes because I took her old mop, I s'pose. If she pushes me 'round again I'll jes slap her face, I sholy will."

"There, there; you must not feel like that," replied the mother. "You had better tell Judy that you are sorry you troubled her, and

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then pray to be forgiven for having such naughty thoughts."

"Oh! I did pray about it last night after you left me. I asked God to make Judy a better girl, and not let her be so cross when I take the dish pan to sail my boat in or when I take the mop and coffee-mill. 'But don't let her stay mad very long, Lord,' I said, 'because I want her to talk to.' The coffee mill, ma, is fine fun. I ground up some oat meal and made a mess for the chickens. Oh, golly! how they did eat. I gave the most to my two pets which I have been taming to take to ride in my doll carriage. They eat, and eat, then stretched up their necks and it looked like they couldn't hardly breathe."

"Why, child, you must not feed them so much of that sticky paste; you'll make them sick," said her mother.

"No, ma, I shan't ever again, sho' 'nough, for they are both dead. Judy said that she wouldn't tell on me, but I told her I should tell you all about it, because, I said, 'Mama says that I'm a mountaineer's daughter and must always remember to be honest, brave and truthful. So now, Judy,' I said, 'don't you teach me to deceive, for mama would be

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awful mad when she found it out, and would give us both the dickens.' You won't scold now, will you, ma? I've felt bad enough and cried and cried over my two dear dead chickens. I was going to have such fun with them. I named one after Judy. She said she didn't know as she wanted a chicken named after her, but I told her that she ought to be real glad that I had thought of it. She laughed and said, 'All right, honey, then we'll name the other Punch.' She said she would fix a little box making places for their heads and necks to come through, and I could ride them with my doll every day. She said she reckoned that I'd have more fun than the chickens would, but it 'pears like they wouldn't mind a short ride if I kept them out of the sun. But they never got their ride, po' things."

Soon after this confession Tessina fell asleep and forgot all her trials. On the following day, however, she was destined to experience one of the greatest trials she had ever had.

Because her Aunt Susan was from pie-loving New England, Ruth thought that she must have a pie on the table for her at least once a day. On this particular day Judy had

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made a fine, well-browned custard pie. When the table was set for supper she had placed it at the end where Aunt Susan sat. Tea had been announced, but for some reason the members of the household lingered for a few minutes before entering the dining-room.

During this time Tessina had slipped away unnoticed and had entered the dining-room and peeled off the thin skin which covered the top of the custard pie. Aunt Susan's keen eye observed what had happened as soon as she took her seat at the table, but attributed it to the cook, who probably had allowed it to burn, and then thinking that it would improve its appearance, had peeled off the top. At the same instant Ruth and her husband had also caught sight of the fated pie. They exchanged glances and Ruth grew pale. She knew that it was in perfect condition a few minutes before. Where was Tessina, she wondered? Alas! she was missing! As her anxiety deepened, Aunt Susan noticed it, and grasping the situation, asked, "Where is Tessina?" just as Judy entered the room.

"She seems to be late," Ruth stammered. Judy at the same moment spied the pie. She said nothing but went out quietly to hunt for

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the child. She found her crying in a vacant field. She sat beside Tessina and lifted her into her lap.

Hereford felt too much disturbed to eat, so he also slipped away to search for her. As he approached the place where the child was, he found that Judy was already with her, so he retreated behind a board fence and overheard the following:

"Lawd sakes, honey, did yo' peal de top of dat yere pie?"

"I did," said the child.

"Lawd bress yo', what possessed yo' un to do sech a thing?"

"I don't know what I did it for. I did not mean to spoil it," answered Tessina.

"Did yo' do it to plague Aunt Susan, chile?" again questioned Judy.

"No," said the other, "I didn't mean to plague anyone. Just as soon as I did it I was mighty sorry and scared. I ran out here as fast as I could and now I'm afraid to go home."

"Well, I'll s'plain it all to ma," said Judy, "but I 'spects she's mighty riled over it."

"Oh! If I only hadn't done it, Judy," said Tessina, in dejected tones. "I'd give my best

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doll or even black Dinah."

"Oh! dat yere feelin' yo' hav'," said Judy, "I 'spects is de dual nature in us dat my minister talks about. He said St. Paul had it to struggle agin', fo' he said, 'When he would do good, evil wuz present with him,' an' it 'pears like we all hav' it. We do wrong befo' we know it, den we am mighty sorry, but don' be 'fraid to come home, I'll 'splain, an' ma won't be hard on yo', an' I 'spects de good Lawd won't be hard on yo', either, fo' He'll pity a po' little chile like yo' an' overlook it, if yo' did do sech a plum' naughty thing. So come, honey, we'll go home."

"Oh! I can't now, Judy, let me wait till dark! I don't want to see Aunt Susan. I want to go right upstairs to ma's room and see her all alone. I jes' want to ask her to kiss me, even if I was wicked and spoilt her nice pie."

"Yo' jes' needn't see yo' aunt," said Judy. "We'll go upstairs right smart to ma's room. I'll bring yo' supper to yo' an' we'll talk it all over with ma. 'Pears like, honey, dat I lub yo' more than ever befo'." As she said this she swayed back and forth with the child clasped in her arms and continued:

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"Yo' mus' come, honey, my chile."

She then arose and taking Tessina by her little hand they both turned their steps toward the house.

When Aunt Susan learned that it was Tessina who spoiled the pie, her indignation was thoroughly aroused. "If you do not punish that child well for such a prank," she said to Ruth, "you'll live to regret it. Such mischief I never heard of before. What an example she will be for little Virgie if she keeps on doing such unheard of things. I cannot stand by and see my own blood in such mortal danger as threatens Virgie, without sounding a note of warning. You ought to give that child something to do to keep her from thinking of such tricks. If you both and that Judy are so easy with her now, when she is older she will surely take the 'broad road' which we are warned against. You should be very strict with a child like her, and bring her up to fear God, even if she doesn't the rest of you."

A few days subsequent to this little domestic cyclone, Judy was left alone with the children. She sat with Virgie by the wood pile where Tessina was at play.

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She had not been seated long when Tessina rolled a little log in front of her and sitting upon it, prepared for a little chat.

"You don't like Aunt Susan, do you, Judy, any better than I do?"

"Well, I don' know, honey," replied the other, "but what makes yo' think dat?"

"Oh!" said Tessina, "'cause you don't show your teeth so much when you laugh as you did befo' she came."

"Well, I 'spects," said Judy, "dat if Aunt Susan lived here fo' long she'd try to get yo' ma to get shet o' me. She done look at my hands like as if she thought de black would come off. Den she says I don' season de food well, jes as though she couldn't put on more salt if she done wants it. But don' say anything, chile, she won't be here fo' long."

"No, Judy, I won't, but we both don't like her fo' sho. Of co'se," she continued, "we shouldn't want to harm her."

"Lawd, bress yo', no," answered Judy.

"Nor tare a hole in her best gown, so she'd have to mend it," continued the child, reflectively.

"No! no! honey," said the other, "for dat would be wicked and revengeful, and de Bible

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sez we muss' lub our enemies, but I find it a mighty hard job sometimes."

"Well," said Tessina, "I reckon it don't mean her, Judy. You see she ain't exactly an enemy; she ain't quite bad enough for that, so I reckon we haven't got to love her so very much if we don't want to. As she said this she threw her arms around Judy's neck and continued, "She shan't drive you away, she ain't the boss here; ma won't let you go fo' sho', so don't feel bad any more. Now, Judy, I want you to splain something to me if you can. I was going to ask you the other night, but you were in such a hurry to get ready fo' church. Now tell me what holds the stars up in the sky; what keeps them from falling down on us? They say they are so very large."

"Well, de poets say," answered Judy, "dat de Lawd holds dem wid His hands, but I've heared folks say dat dey is held by grav'tation."

"Grav'tation," repeated Tessina, "what's that?"

"Well," said Judy, "I 'clar', chile, I don' know, but dey say dat 'tis a heap powerful. Hows'ever, I done can't understand why it

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don' work in one place as well as 'nother, an' it nuver keeps my dishes from falling when dey slip from my hands. Dey jes go smash! an' grav'tation don' stop 'em."

"Well," questioned Tessina, still revolving the subject in her mind, "s'pose that the poets are right and that God holds the stars with His hands, what would happen if they slipped out of them as the dishes do out of yours?"

"Well, I done can't say, chile, but I don' think dat we need worry, fo' dey say dat they hav' been up dere millions ob years. It 'pears like dat dey jes know dere place an' stay in it. At any rate, honey, which ebber way it is, I done can't s'plain grav'tation fo' sho'."

X

Meeting of the Adventists

ONE day Hereford heard that there was to be a meeting of the Adventists in a hall in the city, and knowing that his aunt was a disciple of that faith, he asked her if she would like to attend. She replied that she would like very much to do so and wished that Ruth and he would accompany her, which they readily consented to do. Hereford had heard something about this sect at home, that it originated in the teachings of Rev. William Miller, who taught that in 1843 Christ would make His second advent into the world. Nothing of the kind occurred, however, and Mr. Miller died a few years later.

After his death his followers continued to teach the doctrine, and, later, they divided into two or more branches, one of which was called the "Seventh Day Adventists." This branch maintained that Saturday was the real Sabbath, the one which the Jews had always

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kept and which never should have been changed. Another branch was called "Advent Christians," and they were the ones who were holding this meeting.

A long-haired preacher with a deep bass voice presided. His prayer was earnest, his sermon was good, his warning against the sins of intemperance, immorality and dishonesty in every form was commendable and forceful. As he continued, however, his peculiar doctrine soon became more apparent, for he said:

"The judgment day is now soon to come, when we shall see the Lord of Glory in the sky. We must be waiting for Him, watching, expecting and hail his appearance. We must relight our torches at the pentecostal fires, and flash out the light of coming glories with zeal ever increasing as the august hour draws nigh."

"Amen!" resounded through the hall again and again.

"A—men!" shouted another very heavy voice directly behind Hereford and his party. Then the minister broke forth in song and all joined in the hymn:

"Delay not more we longing cry

MEETING OF THE ADVENTISTS

Come back and let us see Thee nigh;
Come, and restore our dead who sleep
Come dry the tears of those who weep."

One after another of the people spoke, Aunt Susan being among the number. Her eloquence was marvelous. "Be not deceived," she said, "The judgment day is coming, yea, it is near at hand. Be ye ready, for the clouds shall part and the angels shall appear with trumpets and amid great rejoicing. Then eternal life shall be given to the faithful, while the rest shall be doomed with the earth."

Finally the meeting closed and Aunt Susan with her companions walked home in silence.

The meeting had excited Aunt Susan so much that after they reached home she felt that she must still make it the subject of discussion. As she expressed her feelings her face became deathly pale, while the veins in her neck swelled almost to bursting. Her tones were fervent, her zeal was unmistakable. One could scarcely help feeling that her predictions of the earth's utter destruction might be immediately fulfilled.

She was allowed to go on undisturbed, as

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her nephew and Ruth thought it best to let her give full vent to her intense feelings. She had doubtless been longing to warn them of their impending danger from unbelief for some time, and this meeting had opened the way for her.

Hereford and his wife sat quietly submissive to the ordeal through which they were passing. They understood each other and that was their solace.

When their aunt had at last quieted down her nephew said: "You must remember, aunt, that people who live in a slow-going small town have more time to think of these matters than we who live in cities, for we have to hurry too much to allow such a subject to become prominent in our minds. But little business could be transacted if we did. A feeling of uncertainty would prevail everywhere in everything. Education would suffer, social progress would be impeded. Remember, aunt, that the man spoken of in the Bible, who was given five talents, and the man who was given two, met with approval because they had gained more by using them, while the poor fellow with his one talent carefully wrapped in a napkin was severely rebuked.

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If we spend all our time watching and preparing for the end of the world we should not think it worth while to strive for attainments of any kind. The gifted young man who could learn to carve wonderful statues, or paint glorious landscapes would be likely to wrap his talent "in a napkin," feeling that there might not be time for him to complete his course of studies, or if he did, that they would prove of little account if the end of the world were so near, consequently he would be forced into some uncongenial employment in order to earn his daily bread.

Then, again, many people would become enfeebled by a constant sense of fear. My, dear aunt, your ideas would prove disastrous in every field of human endeavor. Our leading thoughts should be, rather, to improve our opportunities and to make the most that we can out of ourselves, and work for the betterment of our fellow beings. The little deeds of love, too, 'the cup of cold water,' should ever be borne in our minds."

Here Aunt Susan interrupted him by saying: "It is plain to be seen that your thoughts are centered too much upon the things of this world. You are, I fear, dangerously near the

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humanitarian line, and your ideas are unscriptural. Your churches have taught and still do teach much error. For instance, the prevalent belief that the departed go at once to heaven, is what first gave rise to Spiritualism. Men thought that if spirits had an existence immediately after they left this world, that there must be some way of communicating with them. This may do very well for poetry, but it is not so taught in the Bible. The people in general are asleep upon this grand theme of the Second Advent of our Lord, but thank God! there are nearly two hundred thousand in our own land alone, who are believers. When He comes, He will not find them napping."

"That point in our belief to which you object," said Hereford, "may be poetic fancy, aunt, but I prefer to think that when our friends leave this world, they awake in some realm where the natural and supernatural worlds meet and blend in perfect harmony. This is the thought that cheers, comforts and helps the believer."

"What is the use," inquired Aunt Susan, "of believing something that is not true, simply because it is pleasant?"

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"Have you forgotten," asked Hereford, "the promise to the dying thief on the cross that he should that day be with the Lord in Paradise?"

"Oh!" rejoined the aunt, "that is an old argument of your churches, but it is in fact no argument in your favor, for the meaning of that passage is entirely changed by the punctuation. Some Bibles have the comma before, and some after, the word 'to-day,' and the punctuating was done by later writers, because it was not employed until the fifteenth century. The old cottage Bible by Parker gives a better rendering of the passage, and it is in our favor. The Lord could not have meant they were to be in paradise that very day, because He, Himself, did not ascend to Heaven until four days later."

"I think that you could easily be answered," replied Hereford, "but not by me, for it is quite out of my field of discussion. You should have talked with our parson in Sunledge. I think he could have enlightened you."

"We had some talk upon the subject," answered the aunt, "but he showed so much firmness in his opinions that I thought it quite useless to talk and feared that if we con-

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tinued we might both lose our self-control."

"Well, I must say, aunt," calmly replied her nephew, "that your doctrine would not suit me." By this time Hereford began to feel a reaction in his spirits and the subject began to appear to him in a ludicrous light, as he said, it would seem out of pure mischief: "I like a nap as well as anyone, but I don't think that I want to sleep a thousand or more years, as might be required according to your belief before I go to Heaven. Really I should forget who I was when I awoke in that length of time. I should also be made very nervous through life, for every time we had a thunder shower I should think that it might be the heralding of the judgment day, and just think of the shoes I'd wear out running home to see if the folks were ready to start!"

"How can you!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, "speak in such a trifling manner of so serious a subject? I am surprised and shocked at your worldliness. Something must be wrong with a person who does not look forward with expectation and longing to that great day."

"You must at least be charitable," said the nephew, "for we may not be as worldly as you think. Ruth is a Presbyterian and I was

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brought up in the same faith and certainly we found it strict enough. If the great day you speak of comes in our lifetime, I really think that it would be as well for us to be found at our usual occupation, provided that it is an honest one, as to be found sitting up on the ridgepole shouting."

"You don't seem to be in the right spirit," said the aunt. "I have no doubt but that your church is a good one, even though blind on some points, but you lived so long among those wild mountain folks, and Ruth lived so long in Europe among Italians and all kinds of strange people that it is not a wonder that you both should have become worldly and indifferent to your souls' welfare. I really fear that you are indulging too much in feelings of self-righteousness and thus forgetting that it is by faith alone that we are saved, and not by works. It will be your sacred duty to teach your children this too, and to bring them up in the fear of God."

"I am sure, aunt, that if we followed your advice in bringing up Tessina we would be making a great mistake, for she possesses traits of character which we highly esteem. She is frank and truthful to a high degree,

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and were we too strict with her she would soon lose both of these fine qualities. You say, too, that we should teach our children to fear God. To a certain extent that is right, but is it not better to cultivate in a child's mind the spirit of love? Is it not better to point out the glories of the sunset, and the beauty of the flowers of the field and forest? To listen to the bird-voices and learn to recognize their beautiful songs? And as the child grows older to impress gradually upon his mind the great purpose of life which is the shaping of character by truth and goodness, which is, I believe, the real Christ life; for character *is* the salvation of which you speak."

"Well," replied the aunt, "I've warned you, at any rate. I do not know about such tenets. I'm afraid it is not sound doctrine. I wish you could attend our meetings for awhile; I think that your spirituality would become deepened. I only hope that you will not lose your souls by leaving the old Faith, and trifling with liberal ideas."

"You misunderstand me, aunt; I have not forsaken the old Faith, but simply take a broader view of certain points which effect man's progress in working out his own salva-

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tion. The Christian Church has undergone great changes in the past, and the church of the future will doubtless be broad and inclusive. Still, Christ must be the leader, for He is the vital element which distinguishes Christianity from other religions. There are some who would mislead us; they tear down and take away too much, and have very little of value to offer for our help and comfort. In fact, they have nothing but a cold Pantheism which is wholly devoid of emotion and missionary power. The works of the great masters, for instance, Handel's solo, 'I Know That My Redeemer Liveth,' and Gounod's exquisite, 'Repentir' (O, Divine Redeemer), could hardly have been conceived but for the inspiration of the text."

"I am glad to learn that you have some rational ideas, at least," replied the aunt, "even if you haven't the religious fervor of the Adventist." With these closing words she bade them "good-night" and retired. The following day they took her for a long drive out into the country and the subject which had so excited her the night before was not again referred to during her stay.

A few days after her departure for her

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home Tessina said, "Mama, did Aunt Susan make you twice glad, once when she came, and once when she left?"

"Why, child," asked her mother, "what makes you ask such a question?"

"Oh! I was talking to Judy and she said she reckoned that you were made twice glad when aunt went."

"Judy shouldn't talk like that about our company," replied her mother, absently.

"Well, ma, *were* you twice glad? Anyway I was glad when she went, and I hope she won't come again till I'm growed up and can get away while she's here. I jes don't love her and it's no use for anyone to tell me to."

"Well, dear," answered Ruth, "she will not be likely to come again very soon, as she lives a long distance from here, so I would forget all about any unpleasant incidents of her visit. Tomorrow, we'll go to Capitol Hill and feed the squirrels." This promise always diverted Tessina, and, as usual, it proved effective on this occasion.

A few days later Ruth was called away to remain over night. She returned home toward dusk of the following day. After Virgie had been tucked away for the night, she took Tes-

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sina up in her lap and as they rocked in the great armchair they began their usual little bedtime talk. 'Have you been a good girl,' questioned the mother, "since I've been gone? I hope you haven't plagued Judy?"

"No, ma, I haven't plagued her, but I reckon I didn't do jess' right last night."

"Why, what did you do?" inquired Ruth.

"Well, you see," said Tessina, with a sigh, "when I was ready to say my prayers I told Judy that I was going to say them in Italian."

"Well," she said, "she s'posed it was all right. She reckoned de Lord could understand them if she couldn't, so I said: 'Padre Nostro che sei ne' cieli sia santificato i' tuo nome. Il tuo regno venga La tua volonta, sia fatta in terra come in cielo. Dacci oggi il nostro pane cotidiano,' and then I stopped, and Judy thought I had said all the prayer."

"Why did you stop where you did?" queried her mother. "You might have ended before and Judy would not have known."

"Well, you see, I wanted to make sure of my daily bread; you don't s'pose I wanted to starve, do you?"

"My little girl did not do right," said Ruth. "She not only did wrong in cutting

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the prayer short, but she deceived Judy."

"Well, ma," answered Tessina, thoughtfully, "I can fix it with Judy all right. I'll buy her a bran new clay pipe and some tobacco."

"Have you the money to pay for it?" asked her mother, with forced seriousness.

"Yes, I have, if I take my missionary money. I s'pects the heathen can get along this time without mine; if they can't they must cut down s'penses. Judy shall have her tobacco anyway, and that will set her right, but I'm afraid that God didn't like my leaving off part of the prayer, so I want to do something to please Him. I guess I'll say my prayers twice to-night, once in English and once in Italian."

"I think that would be a good plan," said the mother.

"Perhaps," continued the child, "I'd better say them three times if I can only keep awake."

"I think twice will do," answered her mother.

Then Tessina undressed and repeated the prayer twice as she had proposed. Afterward her mother kissed her affectionately and then

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left her to her dreams.

When Ruth and Tessina went to walk the following day they called on a Mrs. Bland to see if she would accompany them, but finding that she was out, they continued their walk by themselves. Mrs. Bland was a neighbor and was on very friendly terms with Ruth. She belonged to an old family in Richmond and was highly esteemed by all for her many good qualities.

As Ruth and Tessina strolled on, the child began her little confidential talk. "I love Mrs. Bland so much," she said. "She often strokes my hair and says how pretty it is. Aunt Susan never said that, did she? And, ma, does aunt have a spinning-wheel at her home and does she spin?"

"I do not know," replied the mother. "I think it quite likely that she does, as she lives in Vermont, where the farmers keep lots of sheep and she may spin her own yarn, but I never heard her say so."

"Do you remember the day," continued Tessina, "when we went up around Jefferson Davis' mansion and I said to Aunt Susan: 'This is now a museum; don't you want to go in and see the things?' and she said she guess-

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ed not, because Jefferson Davis was a very wicked man and she didn't care to go in where he used to live. The next day I went to Mrs. Bland's house and I asked her if that man was very wicked who used to live in that mansion, and I told her what Aunt Susan had said. Oh, my! didn't she look mad! and she said that he was *not* wicked, but that he was a great and good man and did what he thought was right; and that when I got older I would understand. Then she said to her sister, who was sewing something, that she reckoned that that Yankee we had visiting us was a cross-grained spinster and that she shouldn't come in to see us till she was gone home. I didn't see what I had said to make her feel so angry, so I came home. I was going to ask Aunt Susan when I came in the yard about her spinning-wheel, but she didn't look up, so I thought I had better not speak, for fear I should make her angry like I did Mrs. Bland. So I went out to the woodpile to play with Dinah and the kitten, for I thought they wouldn't get mad like real folks do, but before I got through I reckon that kitten was the maddest of all. You see it was very hot and people were fanning themselves and I

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thought that my po' little kitten must be very warm all covered with fur. So I thought I'd cool her off by giving her a nice bath. I filled up the hole I have by the woodpile with water, then tied a strip of cotton around kitty's body and dropped her in and jumped her up and down. Oh—! didn't she scratch, though! Just look there! and there! The scars ain't all gone yet. Well, kitty did look cool after it, sho' 'nough, and I think she liked it after she got over being scared, for when I gave her milk for supper she was all dry, and she purred as happy as ever. Judy said that cats are plum' set agin water, but I reckon she wouldn't mind it so much another time."

XI

Judy Gives "Sage" Advice

“WHERE are yo’ going, Judy?” questioned Tessina, one afternoon, after she had passed a strenuous morning.

“I’se gwine to see a friend on Clay street. If yo’ want to go wid me yo’ can,” answered Judy, good-naturedly. “I want to ask yo’ on de way how yo’ got into sech a fuss wid dat yere boy dis mornin’; who is he an’ what did he say to make yo’ so plum’ mad?”

“He is a little Yankee boy,” answered Tessina, as they walked on, “named Harry Smart. He an’ his mother are visiting the family next to Mrs. Bland. Yo’ see, Fanny Bland, Rose Brown an’ I were playing, an’ then he came to play with us. Fanny is always so kind that she let him come to ’muse him. Well, we had hardly started playin’ a new game when that boy said to Fanny, ‘What makes that girl so dark; is she part nigger?’ ‘No, she ain’t,’ said Fanny, quickly,

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'she is part Italian and is a nice little girl, too.' Then he stepped up to me and asked if my father was a hand-organ man. Well, I was so mad I slapped his face jes' as hard as I could. Then he began to cry an' I ran home crying, too. Ma said it was very naughty to strike him an' I had to stay in my room two hours."

"Well, I reckon he's a no 'count boy," said Judy, in sympathizing tones, "an' his folks ought to teach him some manners. But yo' shouldn't have struck him, chile. Cats and dogs fight an' sometimes boys do, but girls mussn't; it is rough an' yo' don't like rough people, sholy!"

"No, I don't like rough people, but I was so mad I couldn't help it."

"Yo' muss learn to help it, honey. It won't do to strike folks 'cause dey say disagreeable things. When folks do dey soon get into a right smart fight. Den dey have to go to de police station."

This last remark of Judy's alarmed Tessina so much that she looked all around to see if a policeman were near, but much to her relief none was in sight. Then she said, "Yo' got mad with Caleb that day he followed us

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an' he didn't say anything saucy to you either, but kept saying he loved you. I never get mad with anyone who loves me 'cept its you."

"Well, honey, I didn't strike him."

"No," responded Tessina, "but I reckon you would if you'd got much madder."

"I wuz mad, sho' 'nough, chile, but I can't 'splain all my reasons fo' gettin' mad wid him. Yo' ain't old 'nough to understand. But yo' got mad 'cause some one sarced yo'. Now yo' muss' learn to pay no 'tention to what folks say, when dey talk like dey got no sense. Yo's no niggah an' yo' father was a great Italian singer an' yo' can be proud of him, 'cause, besides being a great musician, he was a good man. So if folks say foolish things agin, yo' jes' keep quiet an' think to yo'self, dey've got no sense, dey are jes' not gwine to make me mad. Keep good-natured, chile; yo'll find plenty of people to lub yo', never fear."

"Do you think that God is angry with me for what I did?" asked Tessina, thoughtfully.

"Bress yo', honey! God lubs little chillons an' He knows mighty well dat dey can't always do jes' right. He'll pass dis over, I s'pects, but it 'pears like I wouldn't do sech thing agin."

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"I jes' don't want to see that boy agin," said Tessina, "but I've got to if I play with the girls. What shall I say when I do?"

"Pay no 'tention, I tell yo'. Act jes' like nothin' had happened. He may be all right now. If he ain't yo' jes' come home an' play by de woodpile and have nice talks wid me. Yo' can have de coffee-mill, an' de dish pan to sail yo' boat in, an' I'll make no fuss about it either. So never mind, chile; don' let dat boy make yo' unhappy. De time will soon pass if he's jes' on a visit. It 'pears like he won't stay much longer, then yo' can play wid de girls as befo'."

"All right, if I can have all the things I want by the woodpile where I play and you will talk to me some and tell me nice stories I'll stay at home to-morrow and next day for sho," said Tessina, with rising spirits.

"'Pears like I would, honey," answered Judy, "arfter dat yo' may bofe forgit about de trouble an' git along better."

"I shan't forget it, Judy," responded the child. "I'm afraid that I shall always feel jes' as I do toward Aunt Susan. I don't love her and I shan't love him, but I'll try to behave well and I sholy won't strike him again

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whatever he says to me."

"Dat's right, chile; don' be rude, 'cause he is. Jes' teach him a few manners if he done don' know any."

By this time Judy had done her errand and they were on their way home. When they had nearly reached there she said: "We muss' hurry now, chile, right smart, 'cause I'se gwine to broil chicken fo' supper and stuff some 'taters, besides fixin' some dessert of oranges an' bananas. I shall be late sho' 'nough, if I don' be spry."

XII

Judy's Presentiment. Was it a Ghost?

ONE morning when Hereford went into the kitchen he found Judy laboring under great mental excitement. She had made the fire and had filled the tea kettle and then, unable longer to restrain herself, she yielded to her intense emotion. She was rolling on the floor with hands clasped, exclaiming: "Lawd, save me! hev mercy on dis yere niggah if I've been wid a ghost or de devil; save me, good Lawd!"

After Hereford had overcome his surprise, he collected his thoughts and asked: "What's the matter, Judy?"

"Oh, Marse Houtman! I done never had sech a s'perience in all my life," she answered, as she sat up, Turk fashion, and rolled her great eyes around at him. "Somethin' dreadful is gwine to happen. I've done had a present'ment."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Hereford; "you've had a bad dream."

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"Tain't no dream." Do yo' think I'm a fool niggah an' don' know a dream from a present'ment? I tell yo', Marse Houtman, I ain't been 'sleep since twelve o'clock last night. I forgot to draw de shade an' de moon was shinin' in my room so bright dat I got up to fix de shutter to keep out de light. Jes' den de clock struck twelve an' I done turned to go back to my bed. De room wuz den almost dark an' all at once I see a white form glide across de room without makin' any sound of footsteps, an' it went out de dooh, though de dooh wuz shet. I tried to scream, but it 'peared like I couldn't say a word. Den de form came back an' stood by de dooh an' beckoned fo' me. I shet my eyes an' fell 'pon my knees an' hid my face in de bed clothes, but it done made no difference. I see it jes' de same. I wuz plum' scared. Oh——, den *it* led de way through de dooh, 'though it didn't open, an' down de stairs an' I jes' had to follow. *It* kep' a little ahead of me. We passed houses an' railroad stations. Once, suh, I dodged behind a buildin' thinkin' dat p'raps I could hide; but, golly! it wuz no use, fo' *it* came back to whar' I wuz standin' an' beckoned as befo', an' I could see plainer

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than ever its great glassy eyes. Oh, suh! I wuz awful scared! an' said: 'Fo' de Lawd's sake, go on! jes' keep as far off from me as yo' can, an' I'll follow fo' sho.' I don' see what yo' hav' agin me,' I said. 'What ebber yo' be, a draggin' me over stones an' fences dis yere fashion,' but Lawd! it nebber paid no 'tention to what I said, no mo'n a deaf an' dum' man. Agin I spoke an' said: 'My feet is sore, I done can't go much further. I'se got corns an' bunions on dem.' 'I ain't, Marse Houtman, she said confidentially. 'I jes' said so to see if the ghost wouldn't have a little pity, but it still paid no 'tention. Den pres'n'y I stood still.'

"Presently, you mean," corrected Hereford.

"Yes, I said so. Pres'n'y I stood still to see if I was being watched. Well, suh, I done soon found out, fo' *it* jes' turned round an' beckoned to me an' I fell down from fright an' 'haustion, but I hollered at de same time, 'I'm coming! I'm coming! go ahead, fo' de Lawd's sake; if my feet gin out I'll roll dar, only jes' hev mercy on a respectable cullud pusson an' don' turn round agin, 'cause I 'clar' yo' done look bad enough back to!' I

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tell yo', suh, I had my 'pinion of dat yere critter, but thought mebbe I'd better not s'press it. I thought p'raps it wuz de time when silence is golden. Well, we passed green fields an' forests an' didn't rest till we reached Hardwick's home in Glenburg, den de ghos' wuz lost among de trees an' bushes an' I done see it no more. I wuz so plum' frightened I wuz gwine to wake yo' uns up, but I thought I'd wait till mornin' an' it 'peared like dat mornin' would nebber come."

"It was all a dream, Judy," insisted Hereford. "Just a nightmare, probably caused by indigestion. Get up and get our breakfast and you'll feel better."

"Tain't no dream," answered Judy. "I done tell yo', Marse Houtman, 'tis a present'-ment! Somethin' is gwine to happen fo' sho'. Tessina shan't go out ob my sight dis yere day, nor missus, either, if I can help it."

By this time Ruth had entered the room, and the story was again related. Ruth was evidently somewhat impressed, although she endeavored to conceal the fact. They both forbade Judy speaking of it to Tessina, and assured her that she would feel better by and by.

JUDY'S PRESENTIMENT

Hereford came home at noon and seemed to feel relieved when he found everything as usual; but when evening came with more leisure in which to allow the imagination full play and when the stars of the southern sky had become quite invisible in the glory of the moon, whose light fell upon the surroundings of their quiet home casting weird shadows; then they felt that their peace of mind had truly been disturbed.

Hereford went out to invite Mrs. Bland to come in to pass the evening with them, hoping that general conversation might turn the current of their thoughts into pleasant channels. After she left they retired at a little later hour than usual, and soon sleep came to their relief.

As nothing unusual occurred on the following day, they soon dismissed the troublesome thoughts. On the evening of the third day, however, a letter was received from Luther, requesting Hereford to come, if possible, to Glenburg. Something *had* happened. Yes! Judy was right.

XIII

Sam's Transgression

THE happiness which had made Sam's home life so beautiful at length departed. A day came when dark clouds of anxiety hung heavily over his dwelling, leaving their traces upon the fair brow of the once happy wife.

Just outside of the little village of Pineboro there lived Tim Crowley, a miserable, unprincipled man. There had once been some trouble between him and the relatives of Sam's wife. He had watched with a jealous eye Sam's increasing prosperity and determined sooner or later to get him in his power, partly for revenge, partly with the hope of gaining by gambling some of the money which he knew him to possess.

Tim, like other bad men, had his followers. There were three men associated with him and it was through the help of one of these that he finally reached his victim. Whenever this man met Sam at the village he greet-

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ed him pleasantly and chatted freely, trying to cultivate an intimacy. Sam, however, remained reserved and did not give him much encouragement, for he knew the man was intimate with Tim and Tim had a poor reputation. But, alas! who knows what unconscious weaknesses hide within us waiting for the betraying touch of temptation! So an evil day came when Sam was off his guard and when asked by this man to take a drink Sam yielded. Then Tim appeared on the scene and more drinks followed and Sam went home in a semi-intoxicated condition.

When Sam recovered from his debauch his wife reproached him for his conduct. He seemed deeply penitent and vowed that he would never drink with any of them at the village again. This good resolution alas! was soon broken. It was soon evident that he was also gambling, for there had been many sales from the farm of late from which his wife had received no money, and Sam gradually grew rough and uncouth in appearance. The stock on the farm constantly diminished, and finally little was left, but the farm itself. Fortunately this belonged to his wife, and she firmly declared that it should never be sold to

SAM'S TRANSGRESSION

pay his gambling debts.

Her friends felt sorry for her, and none more so than Mrs. Fairweather, her nearest neighbor. She saw the trouble from its very beginning and with distressed mind watched its steady growth. She made it a point to try to keep Sam away from his evil companions by calling evenings to play a friendly game of cards with him, and she sought in many ways to divert him.

Sometimes she succeeded, then again there were times when he became restless and showed a lack of interest in the games. Nothing could satisfy him but playing for stakes and the wild excitement attending such games.

One day little Willie, their beautiful boy of four years, was taken ill. He was their only child and was very lovable. With great solicitude Sam watched by his bedside. It was a sultry day, but at its close the cooling breezes swept through the open doors and fanned the brow of the little patient.

The gray twilight, however, brought with it a feeling of loneliness to Willie. He twined his arms around his father's neck and said: "Papa, don't leave me to-night. It makes mamma cry when yo' stay so long at

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the village, and it makes me 'fraid of yo' the next day." His father kissed him affectionately and promised to stay at home, while the tears blinded his eyes. A few days later Sam went to the village to do some errands. When he left his wife he promised her that he would come directly home as soon as he had made his purchases. He would surely have kept his word if he had been left to himself, but before he finished his last errand he met Tim, his evil genius, who urged him to drink just a glass with him, but Sam stoutly refused. A little more urging, however, or possibly a taunt, made him hesitate until finally he yielded. Before he realized it the second glass was taken and then he was in the power of the wicked Tim Crowley.

The daylight faded from the sky, yet Sam did not return to his home. Mrs. Fairweather came in at eight o'clock and found the mother alone with her child, who was rapidly growing worse. She offered to stay all night with them and this offer was gladly accepted, for Mrs. Hardwick had allowed her colored servant, Zeke, to go home, as she had expected that her husband would return at any moment.

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Zeke was now her only servant. The others had been dismissed one after another, for she no longer had the means to pay even their modest wages. Zeke had promised to come early in the morning. The time seemed long, for it was not yet midnight. At length Willie aroused and faintly asked:

"Has papa come yet?"

"No, dear," replied his anxious mother.

"I want to kiss him befo' I go to sleep," said the child, "and I'm so tired. Ma, I wish he'd come."

After this remark he slept again, but seemed often to be disturbed by dreams, until at last the clock struck twelve.

Still Sam came not. Again Willie aroused and feebly inquired for his father, but again he had to be told that he had not come.

"Has Zeke come to make the fire?" he asked.

"No, dear," answered his mother, "it is not morning yet."

"Oh, ma! I can't wait for papa. I wanted so much to kiss him befo' I went to sleep, but he is so late—so late!" he repeated, in a weaker voice.

"Sing to me, mama, a hymn they sing at

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the mission; but kiss me first," and as he spoke he grew strangely pale. His mother and Mrs. Fairweather tried to sing a hymn, but before the last verse had ended, Willie had gone to the land where there is "no more night." His tired spirit passed on through the mystic gate to rest in the arms of the One who "carries the lambs in His bosom."

Ah! how many little ones there are who, missing the joys of childhood, have in mercy been taken out of their wretched condition!

Their tattered garments have been changed for robes of dazzling whiteness. Never again shall they feel the chilling blast of winter, for the city to which they have gone needs not the sun, because it is aglow with the brightness of its jasper walls. No more will they hunger for bread, yet dreading the return of besotted parents. Ah, no! for they are happy before God's shining throne, where they behold His glory, while all tears are wiped from their eyes.

Sam was in great agony of mind when at last he returned and learned of his little son's death. For a time it seemed that he might forsake the habit which had brought him so much sorrow. He had dearly loved his child

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and his remorse was bitter, to bitter to endure, so he turned again to drink, trying thus to drown his misery. In doing this he sank lower, and lower. His walk became unsteady, his eyes were bleared, his skin was bleached, his hands trembled, his shoulders became bent, and his senses were benumbed. Desolation was on the cold hearthstone, where once a happy little child had sat. Sad and faded was the wife who had once been so happy before their domestic joy was turned to sorrow.

An uncle of Sam's unfortunate wife advised her to sell her farm and leave her brutal husband and make her home with him. She threatened Sam with this plan one day, after the effect of drink had subsided and he was in a normal condition of mind. He answered that he did not blame her, but that she should not on his account be forced to leave her old homestead. He himself would leave instead. "If I go away from this town," he said, "I'll get rid of Tim Crowley an' that crowd an' p'raps I can stop drinkin' an' gamblin'. I'll try mighty hard fo' yo' sake, an' if I git to be a man agin, I'll come back an' work fo' yo' like I used to; I sholy will!"

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His wife was deeply moved by these words, but she made no reply, for she knew that the only hope of her husband's reform was for him to get away from Tim Crowley's influence. Although nothing more was said, hope sprang up in both their hearts.

Shortly after this Sam was missing. He saddled his riding-horse and left without a word. Later it was learned that he took up his abode with an uncle who was a moon-shiner and lived just across the line in the Tennessee mountains.

This uncle's cabin was situated at least four miles from the highway. The road to it was rough and hilly, scarcely more than a bridle-path. A wagon seldom went over it, as it was used only by this family. There were deep forests on the right stretching along to an indefinite distance. On the left was stony wasteland intermingled with tillage ground mostly cornfields. Half a mile back of the cabin was a deep hollow, where stood a high shelving rock covered with vines and tanglewood. Near the base of this rock there had been excavated a subterranean passage, and beyond that had been hollowed out a small cave. It made a spot so secluded that it was

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most favorable for the working of the "illicit still."

There were three sons engaged with the father in this business, and now Sam had joined them. He had not been there many weeks when they were surprised by a small force of revenue agents. The moonshiners had been warned by the women folks, who had seen the officers pass the house in the twilight, and thought probably that they had spotted them and were hunting for their "still." The daughter of the family was sent as a messenger; she was about ten years of age and as fleet of foot as an Indian and knew how to hide at the faintest sound, and when to venture again on her way. She reached the "still" and none had seen her on her way. After the men learned that a search was in progress so near them they immediately closed the place and left. They took to the edge of the forest but kept some distance apart, and there they waited like sentinels, watching and listening for any approach of the officers. More than two hours passed and all was still. The moon was shining, but a dense cloud covered its disc so the light was dim. At last they heard the tramp of horses' feet and presently saw men

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alight and tie their animals to trees. After that a close search began. They peered into every nook and seemingly possible place for a "still." At length they were in front of the rock. The mountaineers, seeing this, rushed forward with one impulse to the spot to protect their property.

The eldest son reached the spot first, followed by the others. The government agents turned upon them and held them up with revolvers, the leader saying: "Have a care there, your next step may be fatal." At that moment the youngest son, who was standing behind the others, with the impulsiveness of youth, fired at them, but intervening trees deflected the course of the bullet. Then the officers fired and Sam was shot through the heart and instantly killed.

After the mountaineer fell the officers saw that a desperate fight would be inevitable if they stayed, and as they had no proof yet that there was a "still" there, they mounted their horses and galloped away.

The cloud that had covered the moon broke into fragments and vanished, and a silvery light fell upon the pale, upturned face of Sam Hardwick.

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The whippoorwills in complaining tones called to one another as if disturbed by this act of man's inhumanity to man.

God may keep a record of the number of these mountaineers killed by the United States officers, but they are not enumerated by man. Does some one ask: "Is it right to sympathize with persons engaged in an unlawful pursuit?"

The sentiments which have been expressed have not been put forward to justify the deeds of the moonshiners, but as a plea for a method better than one of brute force for dealing with these much maligned, misunderstood people.

For upwards of forty years the government officers have been raiding the moonshiners, who, whenever they are captured, are taken as prisoners to the nearest court. What has been accomplished? Where they have destroyed one "still," two or three others have often sprung up to take its place.

This aggressive method has taught these people to dread and to hate the revenue agents and the laws. Surely we cannot wonder that they do, although such a result is certainly most lamentable.

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The mountaineers have always been loyal to the country and have fought for its defence in all our wars. They sent 140,000 men into the Union army, being several thousand more than were sent by the states of New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut combined. Shall these people be neglected and forgotten? Have they not a claim upon our sympathy and our interest, these men, our "American Highlanders?"

The mountain school, however, is destined to accomplish what the revenue agents have failed to do. In communities where academies are established a prohibition temperance reform sooner or later follows, so keen are the mountain people to respond to good leadership. If the boys and girls of the rising generation are educated, they will constitute a strong force for the uplifting of humanity. This has already been happily proven by more than a score of shining lights who have been discovered and developed by the mountain schools, whose hundreds of other pupils also are now following professional careers.

The old American blood of New England and other parts of the country is fast dying out. So the perpetuation of American ideals

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in religion, politics and social life far on in the future will largely depend on these mountain people, for the foreigners who are filling every other part of our country do not migrate to the mountains, consequently the blood there will remain pure and unmixed. It seems as if this thought alone should warm our hearts toward the mountaineers and help us to wait with patience for the development of the seed that is being sown by the mission schools.

It may take fifty years; it may take a hundred, but these mountaineers must ultimately evolve into a mighty people, who will love and protect the things we so proudly cherish.

XIV

Sad Tidings

WHEN the news of Sam's fate reached Glenburg the parents were prostrated. The poor wife also grieved, for she loved her husband, despite his bad habits. The new hope, too, which had sprung up in her heart with his words, "If I git to be a man agin I'll come back an' work fo' yo' like I used to, I sholy will!" she had carried in her thoughts day and night. Now this hope was dead, and she stood alone.

When Hereford had learned the contents of Luther's letter he arranged to go to Glenburg at once. On arriving there he found Mr. Hardwick broken in spirit and almost crushed by grief. When he saw who had come to see him he cried: "O, Sam! my po', po' boy." And he wrung his great, strong hands in anguish.

Hereford said but little, but his noble presence was a help and comfort to these sorrow-stricken people.

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Hereford remained a few days with the Hathorns. They drove about and tried to interest themselves, but Sam's fate was ever uppermost in their minds. On the morning of the day Hereford left he walked down to the Hardwick home again. Sweet was the air, and bright the sunshine, which not only brings back light, but hope and inspiration to the world. It shone now in all its glory upon the Hardwick place. It peered through the window pane and crept along the cabin floor as if sent with a message to cheer the hearts of the bereaved ones, but its rays were not heeded by the inmates. The darkness of sorrow which encircled them was too dense for even the sun's rays to penetrate. Time alone could help to soften their grief and make bright their clouded skies.

XV

Tessina Goes to School

WITH the swift passing of another year Tessina reached that very important epoch in her life when she was old enough to enter school. Here-

ford and Ruth rather dreaded to have her begin, for they feared that she would often have trouble because of her impulsive disposition.

They often talked of her future and wondered what it would be. Was she destined to become a great artist? She possessed a sweet little voice and a great love for music, which seemed to indicate that she had an inborn gift. Ruth hesitated over the thought of an operatic career for her daughter, for she realized that there was an unpleasant side, as well as a pleasant one, to such a life; her dearest ambition would be to have her child engaged in church and concert work, should she prove able.

Hereford now had an ample income. A new business proposition had opened the way

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for him to prosperity. An opportunity to purchase an interest in a well-established grocery store presented itself and with considerable effort he raised the capital necessary for him to engage in his new enterprise.

Like many others he had had his early dreams, which were followed by a harsh awakening. It was, therefore, a great satisfaction to him to return at last to the substantial business with which he was so familiar when a boy. He realized that he was best fitted for it. It was far more remunerative, too, and that was an important consideration, because of his increasing family expenses. Being associated more intimately with business men he gained new friends and was soon called upon to fill positions of public trust. His education proved useful to him, and was always a source of pleasure. So he was ever grateful to the missionary who once sought shelter at his father's house, and for his influence in securing for him an opportunity for self-improvement, which had led to such a broadening of his whole life.

Ruth retained her interest in music, although she was no longer engaged in teaching. She was still a soloist in the same

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church where Hereford had first heard her sing. Her songs continued to cheer and comfort the people, lifting the weary and soul-tried to the very gates of Paradise, as nothing but the grand songs of the masters can do, or the beautiful sacred solos of the day when rendered by a sweet and sympathetic voice.

Ruth also retained her loving interest in Glenwood, where she could live over again the old days when she gathered the galax and plucked the flowers as they drank from the mountain brook. She rejoiced, too, in the happiness which education had brought into her life. Hereford, too, rejoiced that he once encouraged this mountain maid to aspire to a wider field in life and congratulated himself upon the fact that his work among the mountaineers had not been in vain.



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